

T H E  
A M E R I C A N  
U N I V E R S A L M A G A Z I N E.

No. VIII.] MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1797. [VOL. I.

(Embellished with a Portrait of JOHN ADAMS.)

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P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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Where Communications may be addressed, free of Expence.

TO OUR  
READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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*THE* esteemed favours of Philopaideias, Juvenis and S. M. J. came too late for this number, but will enrich our next; as will likewise, the "Picture of a Battle; an Original Fragment."

*The advice given by A. Z. will be attended to.*

*An "Anecdote of Dr. Franklin," is stale.*

*Laurence Lovesick will appear as soon as possible.*

*As it is our wish to insert none but Original Mathematical Questions; we hope that our correspondents will not endeavour to obtrude old arithmetic upon us, and the public.*

OUR readers will notice twenty four pages of Letter Press extraordinary, in this number; which will be curtailed from our next.

THE  
AMERICAN  
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH 20, 1797.

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SPEECHES OF  
JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
ON ENTERING ON THE DUTIES OF  
PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE  
AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

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(With a Portrait of JOHN ADAMS.)

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ON Saturday, March 4th at twelve o'clock, agreeably to the notification which he gave to both houses of Congress soon after his election, JOHN ADAMS, as President of the United States, attended in the chamber of the house of Representatives, to take his oath of office, according to the directions of the Constitution. On his entrance, as well as on the entrance of the late President, and of THOMAS JEFFERSON, the Vice President, loud and reiterated applause involuntarily burst from the audience. The President having taken his seat on the elevated chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Vice President, the late President, and the Secretary of the Senate on his right, the Speaker and Clerk of the House of Representatives on his left, and the chief Justice of the United States and the associate Judges at a table in the centre, all the Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors, the Heads of Departments, General Wilkinson, the Commander in Chief, and a very crowded auditory of the principle inhabitants of this city being present, the President proceeded to deliver the following

## SPEECH:

"WHEN it was first perceived, in early times, that no middle course for America remained; between unlimited submission to a Foreign Legislature, and a total Independance of its claims: men of reflection, were less apprehensive of danger, from the formidable power of fleets and armies, they must determine to resist, than from those contests and dissensions, which would certainly arise, concerning the forms of Government to be instituted, over the whole and over the parts of this extensive country. Relying however, on the purity of their intentions, the justice of their cause, and the integrity and intelligence of the people under an over-ruling PROVIDENCE, which had so signally protected this country from the first, *The Representatives of this Nation, then consisting of little more than half its present numbers, not only broke to pieces the chains which were forging, and the Rod of Iron that was lifted up, but frankly cut asunder the ties which had bound them, and launched into an Ocean of Uncertainty.*

"The zeal and ardour of the people, during the Revolutionary War, supplying the place of Government, commanded a degree of order sufficient at least for the temporary preservation of Society. The confederation, which was early felt to be necessary, was prepared from the models of the Batavian and Helvetic Confederacies, the only examples which remain with any detail and precision in history, and certainly the only ones, which the people at large, had ever considered. But reflecting on the striking difference, in so many particulars, between this country and those, where a courier may go from the seat of Government to the Frontier in a single day, it was then certainly foreseen by some who assisted in Congress at the formation of it, that it could not be durable.

"Negligence of its regulations, inattention to its recommendations, if not disobedience to its authority, not only in individuals but in States, soon appeared, with their melancholy consequences; universal languour, jealousies and rivalries of States; decline of Navigation and Commerce; discouragement of necessary manufactures; universal fall in the value of lands and their produce; contempt of public and private faith; loss of consideration and credit with foreign nations; and at length, in discontents, animosities, combinations, partial conventions, and insurrection, threatening some great national calamity.



"In this dangerous crisis, the People of America were not abandoned by their usual good sense, presence of mind, resolution or integrity. Measures were pursued to concert a plan, to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty. The public disquisitions, discussions and deliberations issued in the present happy constitution of government.

"Employed in the service of my country abroad, during the whole course of these transactions, I first saw the constitution of the United States in a foreign country. Irritated by no literary altercation, animated by no public debate, heated by no party animosity, I read it with great satisfaction, as a result of good heads, prompted by good hearts; as an experiment, better adapted to the genius, character, situation and relations of this nation and country, than any which had ever been proposed or suggested. In its general principles and great outlines, it was conformable to such a system of government, as I had ever most esteemed, and in some states, my own native state in particular, had contributed to establish. Claiming a right of suffrage, in common with my fellow-citizens, in the adoption or rejection of a constitution which was to rule me and my posterity, as well as them and theirs, I did not hesitate to express my approbation of it, on all occasions, in public and in private.—It was not then, nor has been since, any objection to it, in my mind, that the Executive and Senate were not more permanent. Nor have I ever entertained a thought of promoting any alteration in it, but such as the People themselves, in the course of their experience should see and feel to be necessary or expedient, and by their Representatives in Congress and the state Legislatures, according to the constitution itself, adopt and ordain.

"Returning to the bosom of my country, after a painful separation from it, for ten years, I had the honor to be elected to a station under the new Order of Things, and I have repeatedly laid myself under the most serious obligations to support the constitution. The operation of it has equalled the most sanguine expectations of its friends: and from an habitual attention to it, satisfaction in its administration and delight in its effects, upon the peace, order, prosperity and

happiness of the nation, I have acquired an habitual attachment to it, and veneration for it.

“WHAT OTHER FORM OF GOVERNMENT INDEED CAN SO WELL DESERVE OUR ESTEEM AND LOVE?”

“There may be little solidity in an ancient idea, that congregations of men into cities and nations, are the most pleasing objects in the sight of Superior Intelligencies: but this is very certain, that to a benevolent human mind, there can be no spectacle presented by any nation, more pleasing, more noble, majestic or august, than an assembly, like that which has so often been seen in this and the other chamber of Congress, of a government, in which the Executive authority, as well as that of all the branches of the Legislature, are exercised by citizens selected, at regular periods, by their neighbours, to make and execute laws for the general good. Can any thing essential, any thing more than mere ornament and decoration, be added to this by robes or diamonds? Can authority be more amiable or respectable, when it descends from accidents, or institutions established in remote antiquity, than when it springs fresh from the hearts and judgments of an honest and enlightened People? For it is the People only that are represented: it is their power, and majesty that is reflected, and only for their good, in every legitimate government, under whatever form it may appear. The existence of such a government as ours, for any length of time, is a full proof of a general dissemination of knowledge and virtue, throughout the whole body of the People. And what object or consideration more pleasing than this can be presented to the human mind? If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is, when it springs, not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information and benevolence.

“In the midst of these pleasing ideas, we should be unfaithful to ourselves, if we should ever lose sight of the dangers to our liberties, if any thing partial or extraneous should infect the purity of our free, fair, virtuous and independent elections. If an election is to be determined by a majority of a single vote, and that can be procured by a party, through artifice or corruption, the government may be the choice of a party, for its own ends, not of the nation, for the national good. If that solitary suffrage can be obtained by foreign nations by flattery or menaces, by fraud

or violence, by terror, intrigue or venality, the government may not be the choice of the American People, but of foreign nations. It may be foreign nations who govern Us, and not We the People, who govern ourselves. And candid men will acknowledge, that in such cases, choice would have little advantage to boast of, over lot or chance.

“ Such is the amiable and interesting system of government (and such are some of the abuses to which it may be exposed) which the People of America have exhibited to the admiration and anxiety of the wise and virtuous of all nations, for eight years, under the administration of a Citizen, who, by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude; conducting a People, inspired with the same virtues, and animated with the same ardent Patriotism and love of Liberty, to Independence and Peace, to increasing wealth and unexampled prosperity; has merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity.

“ In that retirement which is his voluntary choice, may he long live to enjoy the delicious recollection of his services, the gratitude of mankind; the happy fruits of them to himself and the world, which are daily increasing, and that splendid prospect of the future fortunes of his country, which is opening from year to year. His name may be still a rampart, and the knowledge that he lives a bulwark against all open or secret enemies of his country's peace.

“ This example has been recommended to the imitation of his successors, by both houses of Congress, and by the voice of the Legislatures and the People, throughout the nation.

“ On this subject it might become me better to be silent, or to speak with diffidence: But as something may be expected, the occasion, I hope, will be admitted as an apology, if I venture to say, that

“ If, a preference, upon principle, of a free Republican Government, formed upon long and serious reflection, after a diligent and impartial enquiry after truth, if, an attachment to the constitution of the United States, and a conscientious determination to support it, until it shall be altered by the judgments and wishes of the People, expressed in the mode prescribed in it;—if, a respectful attention to the constitutions of the individual states, and a constant cau-



tion and delicacy towards the state governments; if, an equal and impartial regard to the rights, interests, honor and happiness of all the states in the Union, without preference or regard to a northern or southern, an eastern or western position, their various political opinions on unessential points, or their personal attachments; if a love of virtuous men of all parties and denominations; if a love of science and letters, and a wish to patronize every rational effort to encourage schools, colleges, universities, academies, and every institution for propagating knowledge, virtue and religion among all classes of the people: not only for their benign influence on the happiness of life, in all its stages and classes, and of society in all its forms; but as the only means of preserving our constitution from its natural enemies, the spirit of sophistry, the spirit of party, the spirit of intrigue, the profligacy of corruption, and the pestilence of foreign influence, which is the angel of destruction to elective governments; if a love of equal laws, of justice and humanity, in the interior administration; if an inclination to improve agriculture, commerce and manufactures for necessity, convenience and defence; if a spirit of equity and humanity towards the aboriginal nations of America, and a disposition to meliorate their condition, by inclining them to be more friendly to us, and our citizens to be more friendly to them; if an inflexible determination to maintain peace and inviolable faith, with all nations, and that system of neutrality and impartiality, among the belligerent powers of Europe, which has been adopted by this government, and so solemnly sanctioned by both houses of Congress, and applauded by the legislatures of the states and the public opinion, until it shall be otherwise ordained by Congress; if a personal esteem for the French nation, formed in a residence of seven years, chiefly among them, and a sincere desire to preserve the friendship which has been so much for the honor and interest of both nations; if, while the conscious honor and integrity of the People of America, and the internal sentiment of their own power and energies must be preserved, an earnest endeavour to investigate every just cause and remove every colourable pretence of complaint; if an intention to pursue, by amicable negotiation, a reparation for the injuries that have been committed on the commerce of our fellow-citizens by whatever nation; and if success cannot be obtained, to lay the facts before the Le-



gislature, that they may consider what further measures the honor and interest of the government and its constituents demand; if a resolution to do justice, as far as may depend upon me, at all times and to all nations, and maintain peace, friendship and benevolence with all the world; if an unshaken confidence in the honor, spirit, and resources of the American people, on which I have so often hazarded my all, and never been deceived; if, elevated ideas of the high destinies of this country, and of my own duties towards it, founded on a knowledge of the moral principles and intellectual improvements of the people, deeply engraven on my mind in early life, and not obscured but exalted by experience and age;—And, with humble reverence I feel it to be my duty to add, if, a veneration for the religion of a people, who profess and call themselves Christians, and a fixed resolution to consider a decent respect for Christianity, among the best recommendations for the public service: can enable me, in any degree to comply with your wishes, it shall be my strenuous endeavour that this sagacious injunction of the two Houses shall not be without effect.

“With this great example before me; with the sense and spirit, the faith and honor, the duty and interest of the same American People, pledged to support the constitution of the United States, I entertain no doubt of its continuance in all its energy, and my mind is prepared, without hesitation, to lay myself under the most solemn obligations to support it, to the utmost of my power.

“And may that Being, who is Supreme over All, the Patron of Order, the Fountain of Justice, and the Protector, in all ages of the world, of virtuous Liberty, continue his blessing upon this nation and its government, and give it all possible success and duration, consistent with the ends of his Providence.”

After concluding his speech, the President descended from his seat to receive his oath of office from the Chief Justice, who pronounced the following constitutional oath with great solemnity, which was repeated by the President in an equally audible and solemn manner.

“I do solemnly swear, that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.”

Having taken his oath, the President again resumed his seat, and, after sitting a moment, rose, bowed to the audience, and retired. After him, followed the Vice-President (though not without a contest betwixt the late President and him with respect to precedence, the former insisting upon the Vice-President taking it, and he with great reluctance receiving it). Afterwards followed the members of the Senate, Foreign Ministers, Heads of Departments, Representatives, &c.

This ceremony and spectacle must have afforded high satisfaction and delight to every genuine Republican. To behold a fellow citizen, raised by the voice of the People to be the First Magistrate of a free nation, and to see, at the same time, he who lately filled the Presidential Chair, attending the inauguration of his successor in office, as a private citizen, beautifully exemplified the simplicity and excellence of the Republican system, in opposition to hereditary, monarchical governments, where all is conducted by a few powerful individuals, amidst all the pomp, splendor and magnificence of courts, independent of the great body of the People; and we think it may be justly asked in the appropriate words of our First Citizen, "*What other form of government, indeed, can so well deserve our esteem and love?*"

The oath required by law was the same day administered in presence of the Senate of the United States, to THOMAS JEFFERSON, Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate, when he took the chair and addressed them as follows:

"*Gentlemen of the Senate,*

"*Entering on the duties of the office to which I am called, I feel it incumbent on me to apologize to this honorable House for the insufficient manner in which I fear they may be discharged. At an earlier period of my life, and through some considerable portion of it, I have been a member of legislative bodies, and not altogether inattentive to the forms of their proceedings; but much time has elapsed since that, other duties have occupied my mind, and in a great degree it has lost its familiarity with this subject. I fear that the House will have but too frequent occasion to perceive the truth of this acknowledgment. If a diligent attention, however, will enable me to fulfil the functions*

now assigned me, I may promise that diligence and attention shall be sedulously employed. For one portion of my duty I shall engage with more confidence, because it will depend on my will, and not on my capacity. The rules which are to govern the proceedings of this House, so far as they shall depend on me for their application, shall be applied with the most rigorous and inflexible impartiality, regarding neither persons, their views nor principles, and seeing only the abstract proposition subject to my decision. If in forming that decision, I concur with some and differ from others, as must of necessity happen, I shall rely on the liberality and candour of those from whom I differ, to believe that I do it on pure motives.

"I might here proceed, and with the greatest truth, to declare my zealous attachment to the Constitution of the United States; that I consider the union of these states as the first of blessings, and as the first of duties the preservation of that constitution which secures it; but I suppose these declarations not pertinent to the occasion of entering into an office whose primary business is merely to preside over the forms of this House; and no one more sincerely prays that no accident may call me to the higher and more important functions which the constitution eventually devolves on this office. These have been justly confided to the eminent character which has preceded me here, whose talents and integrity have been known and revered by me through a long course of years, and have been the foundation of a cordial and uninterrupted friendship between us, and I devoutly pray he may be long preserved for the government, the happiness and prosperity of our common country."

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## A R C A D I A.

*From the STUDIES OF NATURE.*

*(Continued from page 240.)*

**I** GAVE myself up to these divine and humane speculations, and, in the transports of my joy, I embraced Cephas, who had given me so just an idea of the real wealth of nations, and of true glory. My friend, at the same time, observed, that the pilot was preparing to stem the current



of the Seine, at the entrance of which we now were.—Night was approaching; the wind blew from the west, and the horizon was overcast. Cephas said to the pilot: “I would advise you not to enter into the river, but rather to cast anchor in that port, beloved of Amphitrite, which you see upon the left. Listen to what I have heard related, on this subject, by our ancient seers.

“Seine, the daughter of Bacchus, and a nymph of Ceres, had followed into Gaul, the Goddess of Agriculture, at the time when she was seeking her lost daughter, Proserpine, over the whole earth. When Ceres had finished her career, Seine asked, as a reward for her services, those meadows which you see below. The Goddess consented, and granted, besides, to the daughter of Bacchus, the power of making corn spring up wherever she set her foot. She then left Seine upon her shores, and gave her, for a companion and attendant, the nymph *Heva*, who was charged to keep strict watch over her, lest she should be carried off by some sea-god, as her daughter Proserpine had been, by the prince of the infernal regions. One day, while Seine was amusing herself, by running along the sands, to seek for shells, and as she fled, uttering loud screams before the waves of the sea, which sometimes wet the soles of her feet, and sometimes reached even to her knees, her companion *Heva* perceived, under the billows, the hoary locks, the empurpled visage, and the azure robe of Neptune. This God was returning from the Orcades, after a terrible earthquake, and was surveying the shores of the ocean, with his trident, to examine whether their foundations had not been convulsed. At sight of him, *Heva* uttered a shriek, and warned Seine, who immediately tripped toward the meadows. But the God of the Seas, having perceived the nymph of Ceres, and being struck with the gracefulness of her figure, and her agility, drove his sea-horses along the strand, in pursuit of her. He had almost overtaken her, when she implored assistance from her father Bacchus, and from Ceres, her mistresses. They both listened to her petition. At the moment that Neptune was extending his arms to catch her, the whole body of Seine melted into water; her veil, and her green robes, which the wind wafted before her, became waves of an emerald colour. What renders this more remarkable is, that Neptune, notwithstanding her metamorphosis, has not ceased to be enamoured of her, as it is said,



the river Alpheus, in Sicily, still continues to be, of the fountain Arethusa. But, if the sea-god has preserved his affection for Seine, she still continues to retain her aversion for him. Twice every day he pursues her, with a loud and roaring noise, and as often Seine flies to the meadows, ascending toward her source, contrary to the natural course of rivers. At all seasons she separates her green waves from the azure billows of Neptune.

"Heva died with regret for the loss of her mistress; but the Nereids, as a reward to her fidelity, erected to her memory, upon the shore, a monument composed of black and white stones, which may be perceived at a very great distance. By a skill divine, they have even enclosed in it an echo, in order that Heva, after her death, might warn mariners, both by the eye and the ear, of the dangers of the land, as she had, during her life, cautioned the nymph of Ceres against those of the sea. You see her tomb from hence. It is that steep mountain, formed of dismal beds of black and white stones. It always bears the name of Heva. You perceive, by those piles of flint-stones with which its basis is covered, the efforts used by the enraged Neptune to undermine the foundation; and you may hear, from hence, the roaring of the mountain, which warns mariners to take care of themselves. As to Amphitrite, deeply affected by the misfortune of Seine, and the infidelity of Neptune, she intreated the Nereids to hollow out that little bay, which you see upon your left, at the mouth of the river; and it was her intention that it should be, at all times, a secure harbour against the fury of her husband. Enter into it, then, at this time, if you will be ruled by me, while day-light remains, I can assure you that I have, frequently, seen the God of the Seas pursue Seine far up the country, and overturn every thing which he encountered in his passage. Be on your guard, therefore, against meeting a God, whom love has rendered furious."

"You must, surely," answered the pilot to Cephas, "take me for a very ignorant fellow, when you relate such stories to a person of my age. It is now forty years since I have followed a sea-life. I have anchored, night and day, in the Thames, which is full of sands, and in the Tagus, which flows with such rapidity; I have seen the cataracts of the Nile, which make a roaring so dreadful, but never have I seen or heard any thing similar to what you have now been

relating. I shall hardly be simple enough to remain here at anchor, while the wind is favourable for going up the river. I shall pass the night in its channel, and expect to sleep very soundly."

He spoke, and, in concert with the sailors, raised a hooting, as ignorant and presumptuous men are accustomed to do, when advice is given them which they do not understand.

Cephas then approached me, and enquired if I knew how to swim. "No," answered I; "I have learnt, in Egypt, every thing that could render me respectable among men, and almost nothing which could be useful to myself." He then said to me: "Let us not separate from each other; we will keep close to this bench of the rowers, and repose all our trust in the Gods."

In the mean time the vessel, driven by the winds, and, undoubtedly, by the vengeance of Hercules also, entered the river in full sail. We avoided, at first, three sandbanks which are situated at its mouth; afterwards, being fairly involved in the channel, we could see nothing around us, but a vast forest, which extended down to the very banks of the river. The only evidence we had of a country inhabited, was some smoke, which appeared rising, here and there, above the trees. We proceeded in this manner till night prevented us from distinguishing any object; then the pilot thought proper to cast anchor.

The vessel, driven on one side by a fresh breeze, and on the other by the current of the river, was forced into a cross position in the channel. But, notwithstanding this dangerous situation, our sailors began to drink and make merry, believing themselves secure from all danger, because they were surrounded with land on every side. They afterwards went to rest, and not a single man remained on deck, to watch the motions of the ship.

Cephas and I staid above, seated on one of the rowers' benches. We banished sleep from our eyes, by conversing on the majestic appearance of the stars which rolled over our heads. Already had the constellation of the Bear reached the middle of its course, when we heard, at a distance, a deep, roaring noise, like that of a cataract. I imprudently rose up to see what it could be. I perceived, by the whiteness of its foam, a mountain of water, which approached us from the sea, rolling itself over and over. It occupied the

whole breadth of the river, and, rushing above its banks, to the right-hand, and to the left, broke, with a horrible crash, among the trunks of the trees of the forest. In the same instant, it came upon our vessel, and taking her side-ways, fairly overset her. This movement tossed me into the water. A moment afterwards, a second surge, still more elevated than the former, turned the vessel keel upward. I recollect that I then heard issue from the inverted wreck, a multitude of hollow and stifled screamings; but, being desirous of calling my friend to my assistance, my mouth filled with salt water; I felt a murmuring noise in my ears; I found myself carried away with inconceivable rapidity, and soon after I lost all recollection.

I am not sensible how long I might have remained in the water, but when I recovered my senses, I perceiv'd, toward the west, the bow of Iris in the Heavens, and to the east, the first fires of Aurora, which tinged the clouds with silver and vermillion. A company of young girls, extremely fair, half clad in skins, surrounded me: some of them presented me with liquors in shells, others wiped me dry with mosses, and others supported my head with their hands. Their flaxen hair, their vermillion cheeks, their azure eyes, and that celestial somewhat, which compassion always portrays on the countenance of woman, made me believe that I was in Heaven, and that I was attended by the Hours, who open the gates of it, day by day, for the admission of unfortunate mortals. The first emotion of my heart was to look for you, and the second to enquire after you. Oh, Cephas!—I could not have felt my happiness complete, even in Olympus, without your presence. But the illusion was soon over, when I heard a language, barbarous and unknown to me, issue from the rosy lips of these young females. I then recollected, by degrees, the circumstances of my shipwreck. I arose: I wished to seek for you, but knew not where to find you again. I wandered about in the midst of the woods. I was ignorant whether the river, in which we had been shipwrecked, was near, or at a distance, on my right hand, or on my left; and, to increase my embarrassment, there was no person of whom I could enquire its situation.

After having reflected a short time, I observed that the grass was wet, and the foliage of the trees of a bright green, from which I concluded that it must have rained abundantly the preceding night. I was confirmed in this



idea by the sight of the water, which still flowed, in yellow currents, along the roads. I farther concluded, that these waters must, of necessity, empty themselves into some brook, and this brook into the river. I was about to follow these indications, when some men, who came out of an adjoining cottage, compelled me, with a threatening tone, to enter. I then perceived that I was free no longer, and that I had become the slave of a people, who, I once flattered myself, would have honoured me as a God.

I call Jupiter to witness, O Cephas! that the affliction of having been shipwrecked in port, of seeing myself reduced to servitude by those, for whose benefit I had travelled so far, of being relegated to a barbarous country, where I could make myself understood by no person, far from the delightful country of Egypt, and from my relations, did not equal the distress which I felt in having lost you. I called to remembrance the wisdom of your counsels; your confidence in the Gods, of whose providence you taught me to be sensible, even in the midst of the greatest calamities; your observations on the works of nature, which replenished her to me, with life and benevolence; the tranquillity in which you so well knew how to maintain all my passions; and I felt, by the gloom which was gathering around my heart, that I had lost, in you, the first of blessings, and that a prudent friend is the most valuable gift which the bounty of the Gods can bestow upon man.

Thus, I thought of nothing, but of the means of regaining you once more, and I flattered myself that I should succeed, by making my escape in the middle of the night, if I could only reach the sea-coast. I was persuaded that I could not be far distant from it, but I was entirely ignorant on which side it lay. There was no eminence near me from whence I could discover it. Sometimes, I mounted to the summit of the most lofty trees, but I could perceive nothing except the surface of the forest, which extended as far as the horizon. Often did I watch the flight of the birds, to see if I could discover some sea-fowl coming on shore to build her nest in the forest; or some wild pigeon going to pilfer salt from the shores of the ocean. I would, a thousand times, have preferred the sound of the piercing cries of the sea-thrush, when she comes, during a tempest, to shelter herself among the rocks, to the melodious voice of the red-breast,



which already announced, in the yellow foliage of the woods, the termination of the fine weather.

One night, after I had retired to rest, I thought I heard, at a distance, the noise which the waves of the sea make, when they break upon its shores; that I could even distinguish the tumult of the waters of the Seine pursued by Neptune. Their roarings, which had formerly chilled me with horror, at that time transported me with joy. I arose: I went out of the cottage and listened attentively; but the sounds, which seemed to issue from various parts of the horizon, soon perplexed my understanding: I began to discover that it was the murmurings of the winds, which agitated at a distance the foliage of the oaks, and of the beech-trees.

Sometimes, I endeavoured to make the savages of my cottage comprehend that I had lost a friend. I applied my hand to my eyes, to my mouth, and to my heart; I pointed to the horizon, I raised my hands, clasped, to Heaven, and shed tears. They understood this dumb language, by which I expressed my affliction, for they wept with me; but, by a contradiction, for which I could not account, they redoubled their precautions, in order to prevent me from making my escape.

I applied myself, therefore, to learn their language, that I might inform them of my condition, and in order to interest them in it. They were themselves eagerly disposed to teach me the names of the objects which I pointed out to them. Slavery is very mild among these nations. My life, liberty excepted, differed, in nothing, from that of my masters. Every thing was in common between us, provision, habitation, and the earth upon which we slept, wrapped up in skins. They had even so much consideration for my youth, as to give me the easiest part of their labours to perform. In a short time, I was able to converse with them. This is what I learnt of their government and character.

Gaul is peopled with a great number of petty nations, some of which are governed by kings, others by chiefs, called Jarles; but all subjected to the power of the druids, who unite them all under the same religion, and govern them with so much the greater facility, that they are divided by a thousand different customs. The druids have persuaded these nations that they are descended from Pluto, the God of the Infernal Regions, whom they call Hœder, or the

Blind. This is the reason that the Gauls reckon by nights, and not by days, and that they reckon the hours of the day from the middle of the night, contrary to the practice of all other nations. They adore several other Gods, as terrible as Hoeder; such as Niorder, the master of the winds, who dashes vessels on their coasts, in order, they say, to procure them plunder. They, accordingly, believe, that every ship which is wrecked upon their shores, is sent them by Niorder. They have, besides, Thor, or Theutates, the God of War, armed with a club, which he darts from the upper regions of the air; they give him gloves of iron, and a belt, which redoubles his fury when it is girded around him.—Tir, equally cruel; the silent Vidar, who wears shoes of considerable thickness, by means of which he can walk through the air, and upon the water, without making any noise; Hemdal, with the golden tooth, who sees day and night: he can hear the slightest sound, even that which the grass or the wool makes as they grow: Ouller, the God of the Ice, shod with skates; Loke, who had three children by the giantess Angherbode: the messenger of grief, namely, the wolf Fenris, the serpent of Midgard, and the merciless Hela. Hela is death. They say, that his palace is misery; his table, famine; his door, the precipice; his porch, languor; and his bed, consumption. They have, besides, several other Gods, whose exploits are as ferocious as their names, Herian, Rislindi, Svidur, Svidrer, Salk; which, translated, mean the warrior, the thunderer, the destroyer, the incendiary, the father of carnage. The druids honor these divinities, with funeral ceremonies, lamentable ditties, and human sacrifices. This horrible mode of worship gives them so much power over the terrified spirits of the Gauls, that they preside in all their counsels, and decide upon all their affairs. If any one presumes to oppose their judgment, he is excluded from the communion of their mysteries; and, from that moment, he is abandoned by every one, not excepting his own wife and children; but it seldom happens that any one ventures to resist them; for they arrogate to themselves, exclusively, the charge of educating youth, that they may impress upon their minds, early in life, and in a manner never to be effaced, these horrible opinions.

As for the ladies, or nobles, they have the power of life and death over their own vassals. Those who live under

kings pay them the half of the tribute which is levied upon the commonalty. Others govern them entirely to their own advantage. The richer sort give feasts to the poor of their own particular class, who accompany them to the wars, and make it a point of honour to die by their side. They are extremely brave. If, in hunting, they encounter a bear, the chief amongst them lays aside his arrows, attacks the animal alone, and kills him with one stroke of his cutlass. If the fire catches their habitation, they never quit it till they see the burning joists ready to fall upon them. Others, on the brink of the ocean, with lance or sword in hand, oppose themselves to the waves which dash upon the shore.— They suppose valour to consist, not only in resisting their enemies of the human species, and ferocious animals, but even the elements themselves. Valour, with them, supplies the place of justice. They always decide their differences by force of arms, and consider reason as the resource of those only who are destitute of courage. These two classes of citizens, one of which employs cunning, and the other force, to make themselves feared, completely balance each other; but they unite in tyrannizing over the people, whom they treat with sovereign contempt. Never can a plebian, among the Gauls, arrive at the honor of filling any public station. It would appear, that this nation exists only for its priests and its nobles. Instead of being consoled by the one, and protected by the other, as justice requires, the Druids terrify them, only in order that the ladies may oppress them.

Notwithstanding all this, there is no race of men possessed of better qualities than the Gauls. They are very ingenious, and excel in several species of useful art, which are to be found no where else. They overlay plates of iron with tin, so artfully, that it might pass for silver. They compact pieces of wood with so much exactness, that they form of them vases capable of containing all sorts of liquors. What is still more wonderful, they have a method of boiling water in them, without their being consumed. They make flint-stones red-hot, and throw them into the water contained in the wooden vase, till it acquires the degree of heat which they wish to give it. They also know how to kindle fire without making use either of steel or of flint, by the friction of the wood of the ivy and of the laurel. The qualities of their heart are still superior to those of their under-



standing. They are extremely hospitable. He who has little, divides that little, cheerfully, with him who has nothing. They are so passionately fond of their children, that they never treat them unkindly. They are contented with bringing them back to a sense of their duty by remonstrance. The result from this conduct is, that, at all times, the most tender affection unites all the members of their families, and that the young people there listen, with the greatest respect, to the counsels of the aged.

Nevertheless, this people would be speedily destroyed by the tyranny of its chieftains, did they not oppose their own passions to themselves. When quarrels arise among the nobility, they are so much under the persuasion that arms must decide the controversy, and that reason has no voice in the decision, that they are obliged, in order to merit popular esteem, to follow up their resentments to death. This vulgar prejudice is fatal to a great number of the Iarles.— On the other hand, they give such credit to the dreadful stories retailed by the Druids, respecting their divinities, and fear, as is generally the case, associates with these traditions circumstances so terrifying, that the priests frequently tremble much more than the people, before the idols which they themselves had fabricated. I am, thence, thoroughly convinced of the truth of the maxim of our sacred books, which says,—Jupiter has ordained, that the evil which a man does to his fellow-creature, should recoil, with sevenfold vengeance, upon himself, in order that no one may find his own happiness in the misery of another.

There are, here and there, among some of the Gallic nations, kings who establish their own authority, by undertaking the defence of the weak; but it is the women who preserve the nation from ruin. Equally oppressed by the laws of the Druids, and by the ferocious manners of the Iarles, they are doomed to the most painful offices, such as cultivating the ground, beating about in the woods, to start game for their huntsmen, and carrying the baggage of the men on their journeys. They are, besides, subjected, all their life long, to the imperious governance of their own children. Every husband has the power of life and death over his wife, and when he dies, if there arises the slightest suspicion that his death was not natural, they put his wife to the torture: If, through the violence of her torments, she pleads guilty, she is condemned to the flames.

This unfortunate sex triumphs over its tyrants by their



own opinions. As vanity is their domineering passion, the women turn them into ridicule. A song simply is, in their hands, sufficient to destroy the result of their gravest assemblies. The lower classes, and especially the young people, always devoted to their service, set this song into circulation, through the villages and hamlets. It is sung day and night: he who is the subject of it, be he who he may, dares to shew his face no more. Hence it comes to pass, that the women, so weak as individuals, enjoy, collectively, the most unlimited power. Whether it be the fear of ridicule, or, that they have experienced the superior discernment of their women, but certain it is, the chieftains undertake nothing of importance, without consulting them. Their voice decides, whether it is to be peace or war. As they are obliged, by the miseries of society, to renounce their own opinions, and to take refuge in the arms of nature, they are neither blinded, nor hardened, by the prejudices of the men. Hence it happens, that they judge more clearly than the other sex, of public affairs, and foresee future events with such superior discernment. The common people, whose calamities they solace, struck, at frequently finding in them, a more discriminating understanding than in their chiefs, without penetrating into the causes of it, take a pleasure in ascribing to them something divine.

Thus, the Gauls pass successively and rapidly from sorrow to fear, and from fear to joy. The Druids terrify them, the ladies abuse them, and the women make them laugh, dance, and sing. Their religion, their laws, and their manners, being perpetually at variance, they live in a state of continual fluctuation, which constitutes their principal character. Hence, also, may be derived the reason why they are so very curious about news, and so desirous of knowing what passes among strangers. It is for this reason, that so many are to be found in foreign countries, which they are fond of visiting, like all men who are unhappy at home.

They despise husbandmen, and, of consequence, neglect agriculture, which is the basis of public prosperity. When we landed in their country, they cultivated only those grains which come to perfection in the space of a summer, such as beans, lentiles, oats, small millet, rye, and barley. Very little wheat is to be seen there. Nevertheless, the earth abounds with natural productions. There is a profusion of excellent pasture by the side of the rivers. The

forests are lofty, and filled with fruit trees of all kinds. As they were frequently in want of provisions, they employed me in seeking it for them, in the fields and in the woods. I found, in the meadows, cloves of garlic, the roots of the daucus, and of the drop-wort. I sometimes returned, loaded with myrtle-berries, beech-mast, plumbs, pears, and apples, which I had gathered in the forest. They dressed these fruits, the greater part of which cannot be eaten raw, on account of their harshness. But they have trees there, which produce fruit of an exquisite flavour. I have often admired the apple-trees, loaded with fruit of a colour so brilliant, that they might have been mistaken for the most beautiful flowers.

This is what they related, respecting the origin of those apple-trees, which grow there in such abundance, and of the greatest beauty. They tell you, that the beautiful Thetis, whom they call Friga, jealous of this circumstance, that, at her nuptials, Venus, whom they denominate Siofne, had carried away the apple, which was the prize of beauty, without putting it in her power to contest it with the three Goddesses, resolved to avenge herself.

Accordingly, one day that Venus had descended on this part of the Gallic shore, in quest of pearls for her dress, and of the shells called the knife-handle, for her son Sifione, a triton stole away her apple, which she had deposited upon a rock, and carried it to the Goddess of the Seas. Thetis immediately planted its seeds in the neighbouring country, in order to perpetuate the memory of her revenge, and of her triumph. This is the reason, say the Celtic Gauls, of the great number of apple-trees which grow in their country, and of the singular beauty of their young women.

Winter came on, and I am unable to express my astonishment to you, when I beheld, for the first time, the Heavens dissolve into white plumage, resembling that of birds, the water of the fountains become hard as stone, and the trees entirely stript of their foliage. I had never seen the like in Egypt. I had no doubt but that the Gauls would immediately expire, like the plants, and the elements, of their country; and, undoubtedly, the rigour of the climate would soon have put an end to my career, had they not taken the greatest care to clothe me with furs. But how easy it is for a person, without experience, to be deceived! I was entirely ignorant of the resources of nature; for every season, as well as for every climate. Winter is, to those northern

nations, a time of festivity, and of abundance. The river-birds, the elks, the buffaloes, the hares, the deer, and the wild-boars, abound, at that season, in the forests, and approach their habitations. They killed these in prodigious quantities.

I was not less surprized, when I beheld the return of spring, which displayed, in those desolate regions, a magnificence which I had never seen before, even on the banks of the Nile: the bramble, the raspberry; the sweet-briar, the strawberry, the primrose, the violet, and a great many other flowers, unknown in Egypt, adorned the verdant borders of the forests. Some, such as the honey-suckle, entwined themselves round the trunks of the oaks, and suspended from the boughs their perfumed garlands. The shores, the rocks, the woods, and the mountains, were all clothed in a pomp, at once magnificent and wild. A spectacle so affecting, redoubled my melancholy: "Happy," said I to myself, "if I could perceive among so many plants, a single one of those which I brought with me from Egypt! Were it only the humble flax, it would recal the memory of my country, during my whole life-time; in dying, I would select it for the place of my grave: it would, one day, tell Cephas where the bones of his friend repose, and inform the Gauls of the name and of the travels of Amasis."

One day, as I was endeavouring to dissipate my melancholy, by looking at the young girls dancing on the fresh grass, one of them quitted the dancers, and came and wept over me: then, on a sudden, she again joined her companions, and continued to dance, frisking about, and amusing herself with them. I took the sudden transition from joy to grief, and from grief to joy, in this young girl, to be the effect of the natural levity of the people, and I did not give myself much trouble about it; when I saw an old man issue from the forest, with a red beard, clothed in a robe made of the skins of weasels. He bore a branch of mistletoe in his hand, and at his girdle hung a knife of flint. He was followed by a company of young persons, in the flower of their age, who had girdles of the same sort of skins, and holding in their hands empty gourds, pipes of iron, bullocks' horns, and other instruments of their barbarous music.

As soon as this old man appeared, the dancing ceased, every countenance became sad, and the whole company moved to a distance from me. Even my master and his family retired to their cottage. The wicked old man then



approached me, and fastened a leathern cord round my neck; then, his satellites, forcing me to follow him, dragged me along, in a state of stupefaction, in the same manner as wolves would carry off a sheep. They conducted me across the forest to the very borders of the Seine; there, their chief sprinkled me with the water of the river; he then made me enter a large boat, constructed of the bark of the birch-tree, into which he likewise embarked with all his train.

(To be continued.)

## TRAVELS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

### THIRD EVENING.

(Continued from page 262.)

**B**EN HAFI was punctual to the minute, and thus continued his narrative.

Last night, Lord of Believers, we left Mahal in prison.—The place was too dark, the transition too sudden, the motive too tragical, and the conduct of the armed men too harsh, not to have filled his heart with the most unpleasant sensations. The inhabitants of the vallies now appeared to him in a somewhat different light, and he felt a presentiment that God could not be quite mistaken with regard to them.

Justice being very strictly, rigidly and speedily administered at Enoch, he was brought before his judges at day-break; a custom which the flood seems to have washed away with many others.

*The Caliph.*—Such a custom certainly prepossesses one in favour of the sovereign of the country where it is established; for where judges rise thus early to do their duty, the monarch must be very vigilant.

*Ben Hafi.*—Some men clad in scarlet entered Mahal's prison, wrapped him up in a black garment, threw a black veil over his head, which hung down his shoulders in the form of a sack, and then walked with him quite slowly, and howling in a deep tone, through the streets. In a hall, the veil was taken from his face. Here he saw twelve black figures, wrapt up in the same manner as he had been a moment before, form a circle around him. Behind each



of the muffled men, was one dressed in white, with a black staff in his hand. One of the persons clad in scarlet gave three loud beats upon a kettle-drum that stood in the middle of the circle. At the third beat, each of the whites touched with his staff the man in black sitting before him, and at that same moment the veils dropped down. The twelve unveiled men all stared at Mahal, without seeming to take any notice of each other; and from the size and carbuncles of their faces, it appeared that they did not fare meanly. A man in scarlet beat again the kettle-drum, the whites touched the judges with their staffs, and the judges again veiled their countenances. Then one of the men in scarlet walked up to Mahal, and presented to him the indictment, or act of accusation. Mahal held the act a long while in his hand, and looked at its singular signs and characters. The same man then presented a pen to him, but Mahal refused taking it. The man in scarlet, impatient at this refusal, threatened Mahal, who cried out at last: "Men of Enoch! I come from the mountain; I know not what you want, nor do I understand the meaning of these signs."

While Mahal's voice was resounding, the men dressed in white gave nine very violent knocks upon the heads of the judges in black, who ran off in confusion. The men in scarlet laid hold of Mahal very angrily, and dragged him along.

*The Caliph.*—But why? What had the poor fool done?

*Ben Hafi.*—The forms had been violated, and this was a great offence to the court of judges. The latter having however collected in an adjoining room, were of opinion, that the accused ought to be instructed in the use of letters and reading, and that his trial be put off till such time as he should be sufficiently proficient in his learning to make out the act of accusation, and deliver in his defence.

One of the schoolmasters of Enoch appeared therefore before Mahal, and told him the reason of his coming. Mahal, remembering the command of the Lord to set down in signs or letters all he should hear, see and think, carefully attended to the instructions he received of the man versed in letters. Mahal's childish ignorance giving on all occasions opportunity to his teacher to display his learning, there soon began to subsist between them the pleasant and peaceable relation which we so often witness between the learned and the ignorant. Mahal was never tired of asking

questions, nor his teacher of answering him; and each answer was the subject of astonishment, of wonder, and new questions. Amongst other things, Mahal asked him what those muffled men in black were for; which question being answered and set down in too trivial a manner in the manuscript, so as to adapt it to the then unenlightened head of our traveller, I shall relate its substance in a manner more worthy of your highness's bright understanding.

Among all the corruptions, Lord of Believers, that undermine and sap the foundation of a state, there is none more dangerous or more ruinous, than the corruptibility of magistrates and judges. It immediately spreads around like the plague, and communicates itself to all that approach the infected. If, for instance, our Grand Vizier were infected with that horrid crime, you may safely infer, that it will extend to the Cadi of the smallest village in your empire. As soon as the people see that law and justice are bought at market, every one will strive to devise plans to bring the corruptible magistrate over to his interest, to the detriment of his injured neighbours. Then vanishes all honor, all patriotism, all sentiment of right, and even all compassion. Avarice, covetousness, and vile interest then dissolve all the bands of humanity, extinguish both in the injurer and the injured all confidence in the ruler: and universal degeneracy, and the miseries it produces, must finally shake and subvert the throne, were it even hewn out of rocks.

Such was the state of the empire of Enoch, continued Mahal's preceptor, under the ancestor of our sublime and most gracious sovereign. He saw the havoc, with pain and indignation, and tried every means to stem its progress.—He punished; he rewarded: yet all was in vain; the fatal poison had penetrated too deep. He enacted the wisest laws: they cut a splendid figure in the code of the empire; every body praised them; but they were only laws in the book. Alas! the monarch who wants to benefit a corrupted nation, imposes a hard task upon himself. As quickly as one villain can corrupt a people, so slowly can many good men mend them again; and that many good men should succeed one another on the throne, is a case on which history has hitherto been silent. The ancestor of our sublime monarch at last meditated a new plan; being resolved, at once, and cost what it would, to pull up the evil by the

root. He ordered the most ingenious persons in his dominions to be brought before him.

*The Caliph.*—But who were those that chose and brought them?

*Ben Hafi.*—The record does not tell. Probably they were the Viziers and the chief Cadis.

*The Caliph.*—I have no objection to it; still I should have liked it better, had they chosen common citizens, and not looked out for the most learned, but the most just.

*Ben Hafi.*—The persons selected were all learned young men, whom the Sultan ordered to be fully instructed in the laws; and after they had undergone the most minute examination, he gave orders to bore through in one day the drum of their ears, that they might be deaf, and to cut off as much of their tongues as should make them completely dumb. He then gave orders to feed and keep them in the most sumptuous manner, and the people were obliged to pay them the highest respect wherever they showed themselves. But when Enoch found that the deaf and dumb took the same course as those who heard and spoke, he invented the usages which I have just described.

They must try the offenders wrapt up in veils, they are only allowed to see their faces a single moment, and the rest of the proceedings between the accused party and his judges is transacted in writing. The accused, the witnesses, and the official defenders might then be considered as dumb as the judges were deaf; and being muffled up and veiled, their eyes, mien or gestures could not corrupt or pre-occupy the judges. While the accused was writing his defence on large and soft leaves, all the judges sat wrapt up; and when he had completed it, he was himself wrapt up again, and the verdict handed by each judge unveiled to the man dressed in white behind him, who delivered it to the president, who pronounced sentence by a majority of suffrages, which was previously announced by the usual written signs to the judges. The ancestor of our great ruler, added the teacher of Mahal, trusted so very little to the judges thus maimed, that he thought it prudent and necessary to keep them secluded from all other men.—Every one of them with his wife had a commodious and distinct dwelling assigned him, where he could gratify, without the smallest hindrance, the enjoyment of his remaining senses. Government made it its business to supply



him with every thing that a man of three senses could possibly desire. But in a short time, all things went on in the old train; for as the wives of the judges could both hear and see, and speak to their deaf husbands by gesture, the accused soon found a more direct and a safer way to the hearts of the latter. To reform this abuse, Sulran Enoch made them undergo a certain operation, which he thought an infallible remedy against all farther corruption.

*The Caliph.*—What could that remedy be? If you will discover it to me, and it answers, I will make you the richest man in Bagdad.

*Ben Hafi*—He had them all castrated.

Here the Grand Vizier, the Cadis, and the whole court cried, "What! Castrated?" They looked at the old deaf eunuch, and the eunuch looked at them.

*Ben Hafi.*—Yes, castrated! But those who had the operation performed upon them, were rewarded by the appointment to the first offices of state; and what your highness scarcely will believe, though the record plainly expresses it, is that every family in Enoch made it their ambition most zealously to contend for that honour, and the successful candidates studied the law with unremitting diligence. The instructions of his teacher afforded Mahal ample scope for reflection. He owns himself, that without such assistance he should never have been able to comprehend the ceremony through which he went with the men in black, in white, and in scarlet. He now fancied, that that court would soon put an end to his travels; but he was happily disappointed. The man of letters had so often named the Sultan, as to excite Mahal's curiosity. He gave the most sublime, brilliant, and pathetic description to the latter, of the person, qualities, and origin of his monarch. "The Sultans of Enoch," said he, "are descended in a direct line from Naamah, theauteous offspring of our grandfire Cain. The charms of this Naamah were so powerful, as to fill the hearts of the mighty spirits Aza and Azael with flames of terrestrial love. Of them she conceived the puissant Gedim. Aza endowed his son with terrible power, and Azael gifted him with a penetrating genius, an enterprising mind, and dangerous artifice. But Gedim's fathers being spirits, and not men, nor feeling by men's senses, they forgot to give to their son what is most necessary and valuable among men, sympathy and compassion. But this very



defect made Gedim a great monarch, as he would not suffer any private use of mean, secondary considerations to stop him in his plans, enterprizes, and exploits. Gedim displayed his wonderful gifts just at his heart's desire, became formidable to all, and delighted solely in his fame of terrific glory. He subdued his neighbours, and, having conquered all he could by force and terror, kept his conquests together by his wisdom and his sword; instructed his subjects in the arts, and executed by them works which we still survey with amazement. So powerfully did he reign over the hearts of the men of his time, that the fear of him was propagated from generation to generation; and we still tremble at him before his descendant.

"Fortunately, however, did the influence of the mighty spirits diminish a little in the sultans of each following generation: they are now much gentler; and all that they preserve of the gifts of Gedim, is the consciousness of their sublime origin, the contempt of those who spring from common or ignoble parents, and certain secrets, which the spirits taught Naamah, who communicated them to Gedim, from whom they were transmitted from father to son, in due hereditary succession.

"This," concluded the preceptor, "is a most fortunate circumstance for monarchs, since they can make use of secrets, where the light of plain truth might injure their interest. Such, Mahal, is the origin and pedigree of our exalted sovereign; we wish that he may soon present us with an heir of his power, lest his heaven-born race should become extinct, and we poor Enochers be obliged to govern ourselves by our foolish reason. We have long offered prayers and supplications to the formidable Gedim to grant us our wishes; at length he seems to have heard us, for the mighty spirits Aza and Azael have lately sent down a virgin from the mountain. She is descended from the son of God Seth, and the Sultan has accepted her as his favourite Sultaneß."

*The Caliph.* Is not this Sultaneß the ravished daughter of your sheepish Mahal?

*Ben Hafi.* Your Highness guesses right. Mahal himself, silly as he appears, suspected that it must be his own daughter: and having convinced himself of the truth of his supposition, by several particulars which he asked his tutor, he joyfully exclaimed: "Ah, Milka, my daughter!"—His preceptor desired him to explain; and having heard

what he had to relate, he fell down in humble prostration at his pupil's feet, saying: "Lord! remember me in thy greatness!" He then left Mahal abruptly, who, intoxicated with the thought of his daughter's being the wife of one of the mighty giants of the earth, whom he so much dreaded, almost forgot that this Sultan had forsaken the True God.

The Caliph now beckoned Ben Hafi to retire for the night.

(To be Continued.)

## EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

Written in the Campaign of 1779, under the command of  
Major General SULLIVAN!

*Containing occasional ANECDOTES, CHARACTERS, &c.*

Connected with the

**REVOLUTIONARY WAR OF AMERICA!**

(Never before published.)

By a **BRIGADE CHAPLAIN**, of the **PENNSYLVANIA LINE**.\*

Monday, June 21, 1779.

**T**HIS day we marched through the Great Swamp, and Bear Swamp. The Great Swamp which is 11 or 12 miles through, contains what is called in our maps "The shades of death," by reason of its darkness; both swamps contain trees of amazing height, viz. Hemlock, Birch, Pine, Sugar Maple, Ash, Locust, &c.—The roads in some places are tolerable, but in other places exceedingly bad; by reason of which, and a long, though necessary march, three of our waggons, and the carriages of two field pieces were broken down. This day we proceeded 20 miles, and encamped late in the evening at a spot which the commander na-

\* It is but justice to assure our readers, that upon hearing of this Journal, the editors became anxious to see it—and that owing to the solicitation of several friends, the author at length consented that a few extracts should be made for our miscellany.

*med Camp Fatigue*—the troops were tired and hungry. The road through the Swamps is entirely new, being fitted for the passage of our waggons, by Colonels Courtlandt and Spencer, at the instance of the Commander in Chief; the way leading to Wioming, being before only a blind narrow path: the new road does its projectors great credit, and must in a future day, be of essential service to the inhabitants of Wioming and Easton. N. B. In the Great Swamp is Locust Hill, where we discovered evident marks of a destroyed Indian village. Tobyhanna and Middle creeks, empty themselves into the Tunkhanunk—the Tunkhanunk empties itself into the head branch of the Lehi, which at Easton empties itself into the Delaware. The Moosick mountain, through a gap of which we passed in the Great Swamp, is the dividing ridge which separates the Delaware from the Susquehannah.

Tuesday, June 22. The army continued at Camp Fatigue until 2 o'clock P. M. on account of their great march the preceding day; many of the waggons of the rear guard not getting in till midnight. A bear and wolf were seen by a New-Hampshire sentinel, and several deer by a scouting party, but none shot. In the forenoon a person arrived, who, in the month of April last, had been taken prisoner near the Mininick by two Tories, two Tuscaroras, and seven Delawares;—this poor fellow after being carried through a long tract of country, and experiencing the severest usage, in being cruelly tied or bound, and otherwise ill treated, had the good fortune, when getting within one day's march of Shemug, to make his escape at night, when the Indians were asleep; he was obliged, however, to leave his only son and two other boys behind; in relating this circumstance, he was greatly affected. For 40 days he was almost destitute of provision, and 18 or 20 days without seeing a fire. Rattle snakes and a few small fish were his support, till he reached Wioming; he seemed very sensible of his providential deliverance, and in relating the matter gave God the praise.

Wednesday, June 23. The troops prepared themselves for Wioming, from which we were now distant only seven miles. This day we marched with much regularity, and at the distance of 3 miles came to the place where Captain Davis, and Lieut. Jones, with a corporal and four privates were scalped, tomahawked and speared by the savages, fifteen or twenty in number; two boards are fixed at the spot



where Davis and Jones fell, with their names on each, Jones's being besmeared with his own blood—In passing this melancholy vale, an universal gloom appeared on the countenances of both officers and men without distinction, and from the eyes of many, as by a sudden impulse, dropt the sympathizing tear.—Col. Proctor, out of respect to the deceased, ordered the music to play the tune of *Roslin castle*; the soft and moving notes of which, together with what so forcibly struck the eye, tended greatly to fill our breasts with pity, and to renew our grief for our worthy departed friends and brethren. The words of the celebrated *YOUNG*, occurred, on this occasion to my mind,

“Life's little stage is a small eminence,

“Inch high above the grave, that home of man,”

“WHERE DWELL THE MULTITUDE——”

Getting within two miles of *Wioning*, we had from a fine eminence, an excellent view of the settlement. It is founded on each side of the eastern branch of the *Susquehanna*, which with the western branch unite at *Northumberland*, from which place *Wilkesbarre*, the County town, is distant 65 miles—It lies in a beautiful valley, surrounded by very high ground, the people inhabit up and down the banks of the river, and very little back. There was in the settlement last summer, a court-house, a gaol, and many dwelling houses, all of which, excepting a few scattered ones, were burnt by the savages, after the battle of July 3, 1778, which took place near *Forty fort*. At present there are a few log houses newly built, a fort, one or two stockaded redoubts, and a row of barracks: the settlement consists of six or more small townships.

At the battle before spoken of, about 220 were massacred within the space of an hour and a half, more than 100 of whom were married men:—their widows afterwards had all their property taken from them, and several of them with their children were made prisoners. It is said *Queen Esther* of the six nations who was with the enemy, scalped and tomahawked with her own hands, in cool blood, 8 or 10 persons; the Indian women, in general, were guilty of the greatest barbarities. Since this dreadful stroke, they have visited the settlement several times, each time killing, or rather torturing to death more or less. Many of their bones continue yet unburied where the main action happened.



Wioming is by Connecticut stiled Westmoreland county, and has for a long time been under the jurisdiction of that state. How the matter will be settled by them and the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, must be determined by those who are better acquainted with the dispute than I am.

Thursday, June 24. Was introduced to Col. Zebulon Butler, the gentleman of whom much has been said on account of his persevering conduct in opposing the savages. Had an interview with Mr. Ludwigg, baker in chief for the army, who was sent on from Easton to this post to prepare bread for the troops: owing to his *assivity*, a bake-house was built in eleven days, and a large quantity of bread was in readiness for delivery on our arrival.—An inhabitant shewed me an Indian weapon called a Death Mall, the handle was unweildy, the ball about the bigness of a 3 pounder, curiously cut out of a maple knot. The use of this instrument is to knock people on the scull with, when overtaken in a chace.—Being St. John's day, a number of free masons met at Col. Proctor's marquee: At his request (though not one of the fraternity myself) read for them the Rev. Dr. Smith's excellent sermon on Masonry.

Saturday, June 26. Between 10 and 11 o'clock last night there was a small alarm; two Indians were discovered advancing towards some of our out sentries, the sentinels fired on them, but the savages escaped. Capt. Jehoiakim with two other Stockbridge Indians, and five soldiers of Col. Cilbey's regiment, were sent out on a scout.—Dined with the officers of artillery. A rock, which was caught the preceding evening, on the table, which measured two feet nine inches, and weighed 27 pounds.

Sunday, June 27. Agreeably to yesterday's orders preached at 10 o'clock A. M. near the fort to Gen. Hand's Brigade and Col. Proctor's regiment: General Sullivan, with his suite, were present. Capt. Jehoiakim returned; he met with no success. This day, with the three preceding exceedingly sultry.

Monday, June 28. P. M. news arrived of a family near Carn's ravern, between this and Easton, being part of them killed and part of them taken prisoners by the savages.

Tuesday, June 29. Early this morning the account we had yesterday was confirmed by the arrival of Mr. Steel, D. C. G. of issues, who says that of the family three women were carried off, and that a son of Dr. Ledlie's was

scalped and tomahawked. The few scattered inhabitants were in great distress, moving for safety to Sullivan's stores, leaving the principal part of their property behind them. Upwards of thirty boats loaded with provision arrived this day from Sunbury.

Orders came out for the execution of Lawrence Miller and Michael Rosebury, in the following words: "The sentence of death passed upon Lawrence Miller and Michael Rosebury, by the court martial, whereof Brigadier-general Maxwell was president, and approved of by the commander in Chief at Easton, in the orders of the 6th instant, is directed to be executed upon the said Lawrence Miller and Michael Rosebury, the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock." The orders of the 6th inst. referred to are, "Lawrence Miller and Michael Rosebury, inhabitants of Suffolk county, state of New-Jersey, being tried by a general court martial, held at Easton, on the 3d inst. of which Br. Gen. Maxwell was president, for enticing soldiers of the American army to desert to the enemy, and engaging their assistance for that purpose, the court are unanimously of opinion, they are guilty of the charges exhibited, and do unanimously sentence them to suffer death. The commander in chief approves the sentence of the court, but postpones the execution of it for a few days. He at the same time, returns his thanks to Lieut. M'Connell and the other evidences for their zeal and address in detecting the offenders." P. M. Mr. Kirkland accompanied me in paying these two unfortunate men a visit; found them ignorant and stupid. Our endeavours were upon this occasion to open unto them the nature of man's fall, and the dreadful situation of those who died in a state of impenitency and unbelief.

Wednesday, June 30. Went to see the prisoners: Miller appeared much softened, distressed, and anxious about a future state: Rosebury said but little: I enlarged particularly at this time on their awful condition by nature and practice, their amazing guilt in the sight of an holy God: the spirituality of the divine law: the necessity of an interest in Jesus Christ: their own inability to obtain salvation, and the great importance of a due preparation for another world!

Thursday, July 1. Before breakfast visited the convicts: spoke to them on the realities of heaven and hell; the justice and mercy of God, &c. Miller appeared still more

penitent, and freely confessed the sentence of death passed against him to be just.—The other excused himself, and insisted much on the innocency of his life. Mr. Kirkland and myself waited on the commander in chief, in order to recommend Miller to mercy. His Excellency was so obliging as to inform us that it was his purpose, upon account of Miller's wife and numerous family, his decent behaviour on trial, the recommendation of the court, and former good character, to pardon him under the gallows, fifteen minutes after the execution of Rosebury; and requested that it might remain a secret with us until it was publicly announced.

P. M. At the hour appointed, the prisoners were taken under guard to the place of execution, attended by Messrs. Kirkland, Hunter and myself. In walking to the gallows we of course conversed with them on the most serious subjects—upon arriving there, the military being under arms, and a number of the inhabitants present, it fell to my lot to address the spectators. After which Mr. Kirkland prayed. Rosebury was then turned off; he died, to all appearance, the same stupid man he was at the first of our visiting him. Poor Miller was much agitated at the sight, expecting every moment the same punishment. He was employed in commending himself to God—upon hearing his pardon from the commander in chief read he was greatly affected: on recovering himself he expressed the utmost thankfulness for his great deliverance. The scene throughout was very affecting.

Friday, July 2, P. M. An experiment by the General's permission, was made by Col. Proctor, with a Grasshopper on board of one of the batteaux, with a view of trying the nature of shot on the water, should it be necessary when going up the river; 4 rounds of cannister and 8 of round, were discharged, which fully proved the utility of the plan; it plainly appearing that an enemy's force, consisting of the greatest number of boats, would be hereby totally frustrated in their design of impeding our progress. The sight was exceedingly gratifying. Notwithstanding the axle-tree of the carriage on which the Grasshopper was mounted, was as wide as the batteaux, yet the batteaux was not in the least injured by the experiment.

Sunday, July 4, at 10 o'clock preached to the brigade and regiment of artillery; being the anniversary of the



declaration of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, took notice of the same in my sermon.

TEXT. PSALM 32. 10. "But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about."

The discourse was concluded nearly as follows:

"Politically as a nation are we exhorted to *trust* in the LORD. God hath hitherto blessed our arms, and smiled on our infant rising States! Recollect, my brethren, the commencement of our bloody contest; pursue in your minds the difficulties we already have had to encounter!—Be not ye afraid of the insolent foe: "Remember JEHOVAH who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses."—Provided we *fear* God and are publicly as well as individually honest: What have we now to alarm us! American exertions have hitherto been crowned with success; let us still under the banners of liberty, and with a WASHINGTON for our head, go on from conquering to conquer!—Hark! What voice is that which I hear?—It is the voice of encouragement: Permit me for your animation to repeat it distinctly. "Our fathers trusted in HIM, in JEHOVAH; they trusted and the LORD did deliver them; they cried unto HIM and were delivered; they trusted in HIM and were not confounded." Even so may it be with us, for the sake of CHRIST JESUS, who came to give FREEDOM to the world!

Monday, July 5th. An express arrived from Sunbury, announcing the destruction of 9 persons out of 12, by the savages at Munsey, as they were working in a field.—Took a view of the remains of Forty Fort.—At Gen. Poor's, (where a large party dined to day) two skulls were shown us, which were picked up near the field of battle, and with a variety of other human bones, had lain unburied for 12 months past: From the appearance of the skulls, which were most shockingly galled and bruised, it is evident that the poor creatures must have suffered amazingly.—Towards evening 2 soldiers reported that they saw 4 Indians about three quarters of a mile from Gen. Poor's encampment. Two small parties were instantly sent out to make discoveries.

Wednesday, July 7th. A soldier of Col. Shreeve's regiment going out a hunting, after getting about 3 miles, espied an Indian. The Indian, being on the opposite side of a deep run, fired on him and shot the sleeve of his coat.



The soldier, having run a small distance, looked behind and saw 2 other savages, who had joined the first; he then retreated in haste to the camp, and reported the occurrence to the General. In consequence of which three parties were ordered to be in readiness on the ensuing morning, to scout different ways.

Thursday, July 8th. A. M. Generals Hand and Maxwell; Colonels Proctor, Butler, and Shreeve, with a number of other gentlemen, agreeably to proposal, rode up to Col. Courtlandt's, where being joined by him, Gen. Poor, Major Fish, &c. and having the benefit of a proper escort of light infantry; we proceeded up the river 4 miles further, to take a view of the noted place where the battle was fought July 3d. 1778, between Col. Butler with his Tories and savages on one side, 500 in number, and our Col. Butler on the other, with 300 of the inhabitants, who had formed themselves into militia companies, having nothing but bad muskets without bayonets; our people rallying out of Forty Fort proceeded to Wintermute's Fort,\* where the enemy forming their left, and extending their right quite to a swamp, were prepared to receive the defenders of their country. Our Col. Butler having judiciously drawn up his men in line of battle to oppose the barbarians, a severe firing ensued; six or seven rounds were in a few moments discharged on both sides, when the enemy's centre falling a few paces back and a part of their right filing off; our people supposing that they had an intention of surrounding them, instantly got confused, and notwithstanding the spirited exertions of their Colonel, a retreat took place and ended in a general route, which gave rise to a most horrid scene of butchery, out of our party only a 100 escaped, among these was Col. Butler. From many circumstances it appeared that Wintermute's fort proved treacherous, old Mr. Wintermute with all his sons and about 25 others who composed the garrison, having on the enemy's approach, delivered up the fort without the least opposition, the major part of whom immediately joined the enemy, and took up arms against their friends. Moreover, it was alledged that they corresponded with the enemy many months before. The place where the battle was fought, may with propriety be called "a

\* Called after the man who owned the plantation, on which the fort was built.

place of skulls"—as the bodies of the slain were not buried, their bones were scattered in every direction all around; a great number of which for a few days past having been picked up were decently interred by our people. We passed a grave where 75 skeletons were buried; also a spot where 14 wretched creatures, who having surrendered, upon being promised mercy, where nevertheless made immediately to sit down in a ring, and after the savages had worked themselves up to the extreme of fury in their usual manner, by dancing, singing, hollowing, &c. they proceeded deliberately to tomahawk the poor fellows one after another.—15 surrendered and composed the ring, upon the Indians beginning their work of cruelty, one of them providentially escaped, who reported the matter to Col. Butler, who upon his return to Wioming, went to the spot and found the bones of the 14 lying as human bodies, in an exact circle.—It is remarkable that on this spot grows a kind of grass, different from all other grass around it. The bones of 7 or 8 other persons were found nearly consumed, they having been burnt to death.—Col. Butler related the following real occurrence.

On a small island in the Susquehanna below the field of action, Giles Slocum having reached thus far in safety; concealed himself in the bushes, where he was witness to the meeting of John and Henry Pensell, brothers; John a Tory, Henry a Whig; Henry having lost his gun; upon seeing his brother John, fell upon his knees and begged him to spare his life; upon which John called him a damned rebel—John then went deliberately to a log, got on the same and began to load his piece, while Henry was upon his knees, imploring him as a brother not to kill him, "I will" said he, "go with you, and serve you as long as I live, if you will spare my life.—John loaded his gun—Henry continued, "you won't kill your brother, will you?" "Yes," replied the monster, "I will as soon as look at you, you are a damned rebel." He then shot him and afterwards went up and struck him four or five times with a tomahawk and scalped him. Immediately after, one of the enemy coming to him, said "What have you been doing, have you killed your brother?" "Yes," said he, "for he was a damned rebel!" the other replied, "I have a great mind to serve you in the same manner."—They then went off together:—In the evening Slocum made his escape—Slocum is a man of reputation; and his

word was never disputed in the neighbourhood where he is known.—The family of the Pensells came from lower Smithfield on the Delaware, 20 miles above Easton.—Henry's widow and 7 children are still at Wioming in very low circumstances. From the best intelligence collected, between 70 and 80 of the butchering foe were killed.—Col. Dennison retreated to Forty Fort that night, next day capitulated.—The savages notwithstanding the capitulation, plundered the inhabitants of every thing that came in their way; sparing neither woman nor child.—Good God! who after such repeated instances of cruelty can ever be totally reconciled to that Government, which divesting itself of the feelings of humanity, has influenced the savage tribes to kill and wretchedly to torture to death, persons of each sex and of every age!—The prattling infant, the blooming maid, and persons of venerable years, have alike fallen victims to it's vindictive rage!

N. B. On the road to Wintermute's fort, we took notice of very high Timothy grass.—The earth in general is very rich, the whole settlement from it's appearance is capable of producing the finest wheat, and every other kind of grain.

(To be Continued.)

# FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

CITIZEN,

**I**N your last Number, I observed a letter making some enquiries, and stating certain traditions concerning the ancient Britons, who, it is supposed, migrated from Wales to this country in the year 1170; and whose descendants now exist as a distinct body of men, somewhere between the Mississippi and Pacific Ocean.

Much has been said, and various are the reports in circulation respecting these people; but very little has been done towards ascertaining the veracity or falshood of such rumours. The Mr. Evans mentioned in that letter, has



not returned, nor did he go up the Missouri till May 1795; and had it not been for the interference of judge Turner, of the North-west territory, now in this city, he could not have proceeded on his journey. Having made known at St. Louis his intentions of travelling westward in quest of his brethren, the Spanish commandant immediately ordered him into prison, where he was detained for some time. Happily for him, the commandant mentioned the circumstance to judge Turner, who advocated the Welchman, and commended his enterprising spirit: he procured for him likewise passports to go up the river, and the promise of two thousand dollars on his return, provided he could produce proofs of his touching the Pacific.

When at Cincinnati, in the spring of 1795, I met there a Mr. Mackie, who was then going up the Missouri to trade with the Indians: I gave him a Welch-English vocabulary, and he promised to give Evans all the assistance in his power; and that he would give me the earliest intelligence, should he meet with the *Madogians*: I have not heard from him or Evans since. Whatever discoveries the latter may make in his perambulations, I am afraid he will not be successful in the main object of his pursuit.

So little credit is to be given to the tales of some travellers, Indian traders, and interpreters, that I think until more authentic information be obtained on the subject, the judgment must be suspended, and the mind remains doubtful as to the existence of such people. That there are white men more civilized than our Indians, living west of the Mississippi, I believe to be a fact, and that a great part, if not the whole of this continent, has been inhabited by a race of men who cultivated the arts, is equally evincible.

If any evidence can be offered to illustrate the point in agitation, it will afford none greater pleasure than

Yours,

M. J. RHEES.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

## No. IV.

## OF ROBERT BURNS.

**T**HIS favourite of the Muses, was originally and literally, a ploughman, but neither in that state of servile dependance or degrading ignorance which the situation might bespeak. He had the common education of a Scotch peasant, and that spirit of independence which is sometimes to be found in a high degree, in the humblest class of society. Though his early days were occupied in procuring bread by the labour of his own hands, yet his nights were devoted to books and the muses, except when they were wasted in the indulgences of the social board, to which the poet was immoderately attached in every period of his life. He wrote not with a view to encounter the public eye, nor to procure fame by his productions, but to give vent to his own genius.—One bar, indeed, the birth and education of the Ayreshire ploughman had opposed to his fame: the language in which most of his poems were written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used, is now read with difficulty. In England, it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy the pleasure. Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave style, were almost English. From a spirit of restless activity, Burns had proposed to seek his fortune in Jamaica: it was upon this occasion, that the idea was suggested of publishing his Poems, to raise a few pounds to defray the expences of his passage. A coarse edition of them was accordingly published at Dumfries: and being immediately noticed by some gentlemen in the neighbourhood, the acquaintance of the author was eagerly sought after. His poems found the way to Edinburgh, where they and their author were introduced to public notice, by means of the *Lounger*, a paper at that time in its course of publication. A subscription for a better edition of his works was immediately set on foot, the list was filled with respectable names, but, unfortunately, the returns to the author was small.—Burns was afterwards brought to

Edinburgh, and every where invited and caressed. At length, one of his patrons procured him the situation of an excise-man, with a salary not amounting to 50l. per annum! That a better provision was not made for him, probably arose, in part, from the independence of his political sentiments, and his manners not exactly according with the polish of genteel society. Certain it is, that his office was uncongenial to his feelings, and, latterly, his talents were not only obscured and impaired by excess, but his private circumstances were imbibited by pecuniary distress. Such was the man—who was the pupil of nature, who in his compositions discovered the force of native humour, the warmth and tenderness of passion, and the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil—who possessed, in an extraordinary degree the powers and the failings of genius. Of the former, his works will remain a lasting monument; of the latter, it is feared, that his conduct and his fate afford but too melancholy proofs.

## No. V.

## OF ALEXANDER GUY PINGRÉ.

**T**HE venerable Alexander Guy Pingré, Librarian of the French Pantheon, was devoted to science from his earliest youth. In 1727, he entered into the *ci-devant* congregation of the canons regular of France. Theology for a considerable time occupied his researches, but he had the art of connecting it with the study of history, chronology, and the learned languages. A life wholly consecrated to study and retirement, was disturbed even by those whose peculiar duty it was to respect and imitate it. Pingré was tolerant, and the bishops of France cherished the sentiments of the Papistical court. Our author was well known as the assertor of the liberties of the Gallican church. In 1745, he gave proofs of that zeal for freedom which illumined the twilight of his life. He was among those who were persecuted by the ecclesiastical party, because he pre-



ferred the exposition of the Christian doctrine as given by the fathers, to that one more recently dictated by the Jesuit Molina. His enemies first attempted his degradation, by compelling him to descend from the chair of a professor to the form of a pedagogue. But Pingré felt no humiliation; he ever considered himself in his proper place, when he found himself useful. Calumny aspersed his conduct, for teaching a more enlightened doctrine than was supposed to be necessary for youth. In the space of four years Pingré, received five lettres de cachet.

But philosophy, even in that day, stood forth the friend and advocate of this virtuous student. Pingré, at the age of thirty-eight, applied himself to astronomy. His first production was a calculation of an eclipse of the moon on the 23d of December, 1749. Lacaille had calculated it at Paris; but the calculations differed by four minutes; and the veteran Lacaille confessed his error, and received a pupil as a friend and rival.

He now distinguished himself by a close attachment to the science of astronomy. In 1754, he calculated his state of the heavens, where the situation of the moon was determined by the tables of Halley for noon and midnight. But in the following year, he calculated its situation with the precision of seconds. Though perhaps no other man but himself could perform an equal experiment, he delivers his opinion with great modesty: "I doubted (says he) last year, that a single person were sufficient to calculate in its most possible precision the motions of the moon; but now I have ceased to doubt, and I speak after my own experience."

He now opened a bolder and more extensive career—that of the calculation of comets. To determine on cometary orbits, is the most difficult problem in astronomy; that which exacts the greatest number of calculations, and the most vigilant sagacity; for here are involved great diversity of facts which embarrass every calculation. But the industry of Pingré could meet no obstacles; and he has calculated more orbits of comets than any other astronomer during a like interval of time, as may be seen in the immense work of his *Cometography*, which was published in 1784, 2 vols. 4to.

In 1760, Pingré was appointed by the Academy of Sciences to observe the transit of Venus. He chose the Isle of Rodrigues, in the Indian sea. Although the heavens were cloudy at the moment he made his observations (which ap-

pears in the Memoirs of the Academy) his voyage was useful to astronomy, to geometry, and nautical science.

Our author distinguished himself by lending his assistance in perfecting that learned work entitled *L'Art de vérifier les Dates*. Lacaille, the celebrated astronomer, had calculated the eclipses of nineteen hundred years, for the first edition; and Pingré calculated the eclipses of a thousand years before the vulgar æra.

His voyages on various astronomical projects brought new and valuable additions to the treasury of human science; and government acknowledged the important labours he had given to their marine, by electing him Geographical Astronomer, in the place of the learned De Lisle. Pingré translated various works, relative to his favourite pursuits; particularly Manilius's Poetical Treatise on Astronomy. The Latin poet, difficult and obscure, and more than once fruitlessly attempted by some scholars, in the hands of Pingré lost none of those beautiful passages which adorn that abstract poem. The Episodes of Manilius are extremely interesting, and that of Andromeda is not unworthy of the pathetic powers of Virgil. To this version of Manilius, Pingré joined that of Aratus, who had chosen a congenial subject. The work of the Greek poet on Phenomena, though little esteemed by the modern student, was once the favourite poem of Cicero, whose text our French author has followed.

Pingré had long designed a History of the Astronomy of the 17th Century. Many other works had stopped its progress; but in 1791, at the age of eighty, our venerable astronomer arranged the materials he had collected. The work is now printing, under the auspices of the Legislature.

A fervent attachment to study characterized this much-respected scholar. A robust constitution permitted its indulgence; the greater portion of each day was devoted to his studies, and his chief amusement was only a change of literary occupations. His objects of recreation were the learned languages. The Latin writers of the Augustan age were an inexhaustible fountain of refreshment. It is believed he has left a commentary on Horace. Botanical studies latterly opened new enjoyments to the venerable Pingré; and when his eye was weary with wandering through the planetary system, he soothed his mind by running over the variegated surface of the earth. His old age

was crowned with flowers; and he only lamented that he had not withdrawn somewhat earlier from measuring the courses, calculating the distances, and fixing on the reciprocal situations of those globes of fire and light suspended over our heads. The science of vegetables is not less important than that of the stars.

Such was the venerable Pingré! who presents us with one more additional instance, that a studious and laborious life may be prolonged to an extreme period of human existence, unattended by the inconveniences, the imbecility, and the pains of old age. He died on the 12th Floreal 1796, aged 87.

### ON THE HYDROPHOBIA

*From the AMERICAN DAILY ADVERTISER.*

**A**S the Hydrophobia still continues to be almost constantly fatal in its termination, every member of society must doubtless take great pleasure in hearing that an attempt has lately been made to simplify its theory, and to establish a mode of cure, founded upon truth and reason.—Impressed with a desire to relieve the suffrages of my fellow creatures, who may unfortunately labour under such a malady, I request you will give a place in your paper, the following sketch of the nature and treatment of that disease, as just delivered by Dr. Rush in his lectures.

The doctor supposes the rabid animal, say a dog, to labour under a malignant fever; and this he proves from a number of facts, as its prevailing in Russia, and in Plymouth and Yorkshire in England, during the prevalence of malignant fevers; also from its being occasioned by some other causes which induce malignant fevers in the human species; and of course, that the disease produced by the dog inflicting a wound in the flesh of a human creature, is simply a malignant fever.—This conclusion is drawn from its symptoms; its short duration; its appearances of the blood; the phenomena exhibited in the body, by dissection; and its speedy putrefaction after death.

The disease being the same as any other malignant or highly inflammatory fever, the remedies should be the same. These the doctor divides into two classes. The one for



preventing, the other for curing the disease. Under the former he recommends cutting or burning away the wounded part, or pouring water for several hours on it, in order to wash out the infecting matter.—Also the use of a vegetable diet, such as has often been administered with success to obviate malignity and death in the plague, small pox and other violent fevers.

To cure the disease, he recommends early and copious evacuations, and particularly blood letting. He mentions four well attested cases of profuse bleeding having effectually cured the disease. In one the patient lost 116, and in another 180 ounces of blood, by successive bleedings. In the third the quantity of blood lost, being from an accidental wound could not be measured, but it was supposed to be between 100 and 200 ounces.—In the fourth, the quantity of blood lost was but 32 ounces, but the strength of the disease was subdued afterwards by plentiful sweating.—After the fever, spasms, &c. are reduced, the doctor advises the use of tonic remedies.—Also the exciting a salivation by Mercury; but adds “if bleeding be used early and plentifully it would not be often necessary.”

#### A MEDICAL STUDENT.

*Remarks on the arguments of MISOGAMOS in favour of Celibacy. (page 301)*

MR. EDITOR,

**I** SHOULD with some abler hand to espouse the cause of the fair, against that cold hearted Misogamist.

Tho' very conscious of my inability to do the lovely creatures justice, yet sooner than neglect them, I would expose my own weakness.

It becomes him who is born of woman, indebted to female tenderness for his being, to female instruction for his first ideas; it becomes him who is the friend of mankind, and knows the influence of woman to promote the virtues and happiness of her family, of society, of the world—it becomes him to speak well of the sex.

To deny the existence of their bodies as well as that of their souls, would be quite as philosophical and no less sceptical.

It would not be difficult to prove that women possess a much larger share of reason than men.—Education possesses as much power of advancing intellect, as reason itself—how inferior the education of women, how superior their mental faculties: in conversation they always excel us, they far outshine us in sallies of wit, in sagacity of invention, and address in business. See the brother and sister of the same opportunities—he a clown, a stupid booby—she refined, intuitively polite and accomplished.

Without the aid of education we find them sufficiently accomplished to be the companions of men of the highest learning; none are too great to acknowledge their inferiority to woman—the stern philosopher cringes, fawns, begs, flatters woman, his superior—the hero to whom thousands have kneeled throws himself prostrate before her—the solemn saint relaxes into sprightly etiquette, and supple complaisance, and the grave divine makes woman the object of his adoration: We all confess the superiority of the ladies, and in some way express our veneration for the sex.

“What she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,  
All other knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her  
Looses discountenanced and like folly shews:  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their fear;  
Build in her, loveliest, and creation awe,  
About her as a guard angelic placed.”

In cases of temptation to vice, it is the province of reason to resist passion; superior virtue, therefore, proves superior reason; for virtue is in proportion to greatness of soul.

“The soul refin’d,  
Is most inclin’d  
To ev’ry moral excellence;  
All vice is dull,  
A knave’s a fool,  
And virtue is the child of sense.”

Compare the number of female criminals with those of our sex; you cannot find one to fifty. Survey the trans-

gressors of the law—the criminals at the bar—the inhabitants of jails—the furniture of gibbets and gallowses—ninety nine of the hundred are men.

If we survey Diana's train—how great the disproportion of virtuous men? Blush vain man! base man! at thy inferiority—nine hundred and ninety nine to one appear against thee. Here is tried the strength of the mind, the size of the soul is measured here, and here it is that woman soars aloft far above thee, bearing off the palm, the most glorious that mortal ever won.

If the more reason the more virtue—how diminutive, how eclipsed thy virtue and thy reason—it is men who have no souls—men are the maniacs, the lunatics, the irrational, the mad.

Has not woman the palate, the stomach furnished with nerves as plentifully, and the sense of taste as keen as urgent as man—he is a glutton, a drunkard; for he has no soul to check appetite—he has more reason, a greater soul, and is stronger to command it. Has she not sensibility to feel an injury—reason in her checks resentment; but irrational man is driven by revenge into debates, quarrels, duels, blood and murder. Women are the weaker vessels, only as they are more delicate, and more refin'd than men.

Nature has formed those queens of the creation, with a delicate hand lovely as flowers of summer, mild as the breeze of morning; complete quintessences of all that is amiable and attractive—the fine texture of their bodies, the tunefulness of their voices, the niceness of their intellectual powers, the softness of their tempers, the tenderness of their hearts, the justness of their tastes, their innate sense of propriety all denote a superiority of nature, characteristic of beings of a higher order of existence. Marriage, then, which unites us to these angelic creatures, makes them our own by legal right and title, identifies our flesh, individualizes our bone, makes them part of our own self—Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, is Elysium, is Paradise!—O the transports of conjugal love! the rapturous affection, which flows from an union with the most beautiful and amiable ornaments of creation! whose agreeable society polishes our manners, refines our ideas, humanizes savage man, enobles the soul, softens the natural sternness of our nature, invigorates hope, and excites honorable emulation, by the sweet smiles of undissembled innocence and purity. Who could be guilty of injustice,



cruelty, and meanness; loving and beloved by an amiable lady? *Approbation* from whatever quarter is highly pleasing to human nature; but the *approbation* of the lady we love excites joyful emotions, her *friendship* transports the soul; but her *love* electrifies the whole microcosm, and when *love* increases to *fondness*—'tis thunder, 'tis lightening, kindling a flame of extasy which I leave to the imagination of the experienced to describe, words are inadequate, and nature can only give signs by impetuous tides of thrilling blood, and fluttering palpitations.

Celibacy is existence thrown away; and every unmarried day is a blank in life:—Till hymen smile propitious, every evening my liturgy shall close with the exclamation of,

“ I've lost a day.”

How is the distress of misfortune alleviated by the sympathy of a loving wife, and what gust is added to the joys of prosperity, if she, who is dearer than one's soul be a partaker in the good fortune. The solitary fruition which is confined to narrow self, is insipid; it is participation which gives the relish to enjoyment—but the participation of the lovely, how it heightens the zest!

Nature has implanted in the breast of man a strong propensity for society; man attracts man as by magnetic influence. Solitude is painful: without society life is a blank, the world a wilderness.

The commerce of thought, the communication of ideas, impart pleasure and vigor to the soul. Society is the medium of mental embrace; in which heart meets heart: Sentiments re-echoed from mind to mind, souls united by friendship, melted together by love, and incorporated into one by the conjugal union, is the summit of earthly felicity. The lowest grade of society is *man* with *man*, and even this is comfortable compared with dreary solitude; but *man* with *woman* is exquisite bliss, and *husband* with *wife*, celestial beatitude; the purest and most refined fruition that mortals are admitted to. Society how agreeable! sweetened with friendship, how delightful! with love, how transporting! with the love of a woman, how divine!—the love of a wife—rapture! extasy!

Behold the married man with a number of sons, trained up in the paths of honor virtue and patriotism, zealous to

support our laws and to defend our rights and liberties. He sees with rapture the virtues of his better days, flourish and blossom again in those who are to him dear as himself. Every child is another self, and doubles his capacity of happiness; he who has ten children, has ten portions of happiness to one, of the solitary selfish bachelor.

To old age the world is become old, and all its pleasures tasteless: the sanguine hopes which stimulate youth, are become inert, love is chilled, ambition is torpid, all the pleasant passions are extinct; all their comfort is in their children, and every child's happiness is their own—the honor of one, the wealth of another, the piety of a third, the genius of a fourth—their virtue, wisdom, filial affection, beauty, prosperity, generosity, &c.—all these are so many renewed sources of happiness to the aged parent. Death he defies; for it can wound but a small part of his *arborescent* self; his children still remain, branches of himself, and but the tenth part of an old bachelor's death falls to his share: The bachelor dies *en masse*, he falls like an ox, completely and suddenly, leaves no living monuments of himself, none to regret his exit, none to possess his wealth; his riches are divided among thankless strangers who rejoice at the revolution. He does not live, he only exists; he is a mere breathing vegetable; he is an animal out of his element, a fish out of water; his amusements are insipid, his pleasures deficient; in all his enjoyments he feels a restlessness which he cannot describe; and knows not the cause; in his highest felicity he is haunted by a constant uneasiness, an incessant somewhat damps his soul in his happiest moments: whereas the married man, clasped in the embraces of his beloved, in her is supremely blessed, whether fortune smile or frown. Happy in one another's happiness, they gently glide down the stream of life; reciprocal love sheds a calm serenity over the soul, which makes pleasure itself more pleasing, lulls the boisterous passions to rest, dispenses calm content, true happiness, and genuine felicity. However favorable to happiness the married state, there are some cases of exception. There are men whom no woman can love, and emphatically unhappy are the unbeloved. In this are excluded from conjugal felicity, the mean, malevolent, jealous, passionate, uncharitable and ungenerous, who put it out of woman's power to love them or to study their happiness.—The proud wholly absorbed in his own excellence, and blind to all me-

rit beyond his pigmy self cannot be beloved, and of course cannot be happy. The miser every soul hates, which is not a very comfortable situation. The unfeeling hoggish husband cannot be happy : for the charms of a loving wife are lost on the heart destitute of sensibility.

There are monsters born without hands, feet, eyes, &c. there are also mental monsters, born without the capacity of loving : the unloving will be unbeloved, and the unbeloved will be unhappy. Such were never allowed matrimonial bliss, but destined to bachelorism from the beginning.

PHILOGAMOS.

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#### SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A DIVER.

**O**F all the divers who have given any information from the bottom of the ocean, the famous Nicolas Pesce, mentioned by Rincher, is the most celebrated ; the veracity of this account is not in all respects to be depended on, though Rincher assures us he had it from the archives of the kings of Sicily. This famous diver, by his great skill in swimming, and perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man from his infancy had been used to the sea, and gained a livelihood by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villages on shore. From his long acquaintance with the sea, it at length became almost his natural element : he has been known to spend five days amongst the waves, without any other provision than what he caught there. He often swam over Sicily to Calabria, a most dangerous passage ; and frequently would swim among the gulphs of the Lipari Islands, without the least apprehension of danger.

Some mariners one day observed something at a distance from them in the sea, which they supposed to be a sea-monster ; but upon a nearer view, they found to be Nicolas, whom they took into their ship. When they questioned him where he was a going on so rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he produced a packet of letters, fastened up in a leather bag, which he was carrying to one of the towns in Italy. After stopping with them some time, and eating a hearty meal, he took his leave, and jumped into the sea, to pursue his voyage.



Nature seemed to have assisted him in a peculiar degree to bear the hardships of the deep ; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed like a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, as to enable him to take in at one respiration as much breath as would last him the day.

The fame of this extraordinary man soon reached the ears of Frederic, King of Sicily, who, excited by a natural curiosity, ordered that he should be brought before him. The king thought this a fair opportunity to gain some certain intelligence concerning the Gulph of Charybdis ; he therefore commanded the poor diver to explore the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and ordered a golden cup to be flung into it, by way of incitement. Nicolas, conscious of the danger he was exposed to, ventured to remonstrate ; but the hopes of reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the encreasing of his own fame, at length prevailed. He immediately jumped into the gulph, and was instantly invisible. The king and his attendants waited with great anxiety for three quarters of an hour on the shore, and at last perceived him buffeting the waves with one hand, and holding the cup in triumph in the other : the cup was immediately made the reward of his bold adventure. He was allowed time to refresh himself, and was then brought again before the king, to relate the wonders he had been witness of. He declares, if he had been apprized of half the dangers he had to encounter, he should never have obeyed the king's command. There are four obstacles, he says, which render the gulph terrible, not only to men, but even to the fishes who inhabit it. The first, is the great force of water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist ; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, threatening destruction on every side ; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks ; and, fourthly, the quantity and the size of the polypus fish, some of which appear as large as men, and stick against the rocks, projecting their fibrous arms to entangle every thing that approaches. He was then asked how he so readily found the cup ; he replied, that it had been carried by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself struck in his descent. The king wishing for further information, prevailed on this unfortunate man to venture a second time. He went down, but was never since heard of.

LETTER IV.  
ON LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

IN ANSWER TO A PAMPHLET ENTITLED, "NEGRO-SLAVERY DEFENDED BY THE WORD OF GOD."

(Continued from page 348.)

**I** WAS going to wish you a good morning, Sir, but the Poet forbids me.

"For Ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r  
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,  
Who drive a loathsome traffic; gage and span,  
And buy the muscles and the bones of man:  
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,  
All bonds of nature in that moment end;  
And each endures while yet he draws his breath,  
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death."

Alas! the poor African is fallen among thieves, and the Priests and Levites of popery and protestantism, have passed him by, whilst wallowing in his blood, and instead of relieving him, *you* have endeavoured to prove that he deserves to be made a slave, both he and his children for ever, and that for the sins of his fore-fathers! And are there none who will have mercy on the poor African? Yes: the Samaritan comes by; French Deists have pour'd wine and oil into the wounds of the distressed negroes, whilst professed Christians keep them in bondage, *and will not let them go free!* But

"Christians, O never call them! blush for shame,  
Ye worse than heathens: let the sacred name  
By acts of violence be not profan'd;  
By crimes, black crimes, like your's so foully stain'd,  
That high profession you disgrace, renounce,  
And turn consistent Atheists at once.  
Divine religion! canst thou patronize  
Such curs'd oppression, such base cruelties?  
Dost thou acquire thy converts by such means  
As heavy bondage, scourges, racks, and chains?"

Is this the way in which th' untutor'd mind  
 By thee is taught, and polish'd, and refin'd?—  
 No;—Blest religion such a conduct hates,  
 And Mammon's worshippers loud reprobates.  
 Her paths are peace, her ways are pleasantness,  
 No mark of blood, her angel-footsteps trace;  
 No thirst of rapine in her face appears,  
 But sweet compassion every feature wears.  
 Good-will to man beams in her ruthless eyes,  
 Her fostering hand with tenderest care applies  
 A healing balm,—instead of scorpion whips,  
 The law of kindness dwells upon her lips;  
 Majestic meekness her persuasions arm,  
 And make them strong, th' uncivilis'd to charm:  
 The pow'r divine that waits to bear her word,  
 Gains greater conquests than Mahomet's sword."

But what shall we say when Israel turns his back on the enemy? There is an Achan in the camp, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the present forlorn state of religion in many of the states, is owing to negro slavery.

I know there are many other crying sins in the country, but this is the principal vice. "Robbers invade the property, and murderers the life of human beings, but he that holds another man in bondage, subjects the whole of his existence to oppression, bereaves him of every hope, and is therefore more detestable than the robber and assassin combined."

With what face can any slave holder pray for the success of the gospel, whilst he acts contrary to its first principles? Or have the Americans (as Day saith) shared the dispensing power of St. Peter's successors to excuse their own observance of those rules which they impose on others? It is truly ridiculous in a civil sense, that they should with one hand sign a bill of rights declaring all men equally free, and yet with the other hand brandish a whip over their affrighted slaves: if men would be consistent, they must admit all the consequences of their own principles; and the Americans, both as men and professed Christians, are reduced to the dilemma of acknowledging the rights of their negroes, or surrendering their own.—

Your observation on Mr. O'Kelly's comment on Rev. 18. 30, I should take no notice of, were it not for this horrid question, "Pray where is the difference between one man making use of a horse to serve him, and another employing



a *slave*?" You think that according to the above text, it is an equal abomination to buy horses, chariots, fine linen, &c. as it is to buy the bodies and souls of men;—what diabolical reasoning! because what may be lawfully sold is connected with what no man has a right to sell; do you suppose that it justifies you in keeping slaves;—and the church of Rome in selling indulgences, and pretending to bring souls for money out of purgatory!

Your agreement with J. Ramsay that the devil is the author of slavery, proves you to be a faithful servant of Old Nick, otherwise you would not be so zealous in defending his trade. You charge those who are advocates for the manumission of slaves, with "being blinded by the devil;" pray, sir, to what end did Jesus Christ come into the world? was it not to destroy the works of the devil? then according to your own acknowledgment he came to destroy slavery. Out of your own mouth you are condemned to be the man blinded by the devil—and that the friends of emancipation are children of light, labouring together with Christ to destroy *slavery*, which is the work of Beelzebub!—

As a champion combating all around, you next meet Mr. Leland who asserts "that the whole scene of slavery is pregnant with enormous evils, and why not liberate them at once;"—"He would to heaven this was done, for the sweets of *mor* and social life, will never be enjoyed until then;" had he said justice will not be done until then: God will not be honoured by the slave holders until then, it would be as well.—

Something, he says, must be done, and you say that this something is already done, and refer him to Titus ii. 9. You might as well refer him to Tobit and his dog, for the exhorting of servants to obey their masters, has no more to do with the obedience of slaves to their tyrants, than I have to do with the inhabitants of Jupiter; no, sir, that something has not yet been done in all the states: the negroes in the first place should be instructed so as to understand their rights as men, and their duties as citizens; then emancipate them without hesitation. This instead of producing any bad consequences, would cause the blessings of God to flow through the land, as your majestic rivers roll their rapid waves to the ocean. Let the legislators of the different states, therefore enact, that every slave-holder shall instruct his negroes in the duties of citizenship, and use them in every respect as citizens for the term of \_\_\_\_\_ at which period they are to have full liberty to choose their own masters, or

form a settlement together in such parts of the union as shall be appointed for them, any man holding slaves, not complying with the above law, shall forfeit £— to the state, and the immediate manumission of all his slaves.

If such a law should not be enacted, I would hope that every conscientious man will act in this case as if there was no law, knowing this, "that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, &c." and O that I could see the time

"When the defenceless are not bought and sold,  
Nor sordid Christians thirst for paltry gold."

With this I drop my pen, and bid you farewell.  
*Savanna, Georgia.*

PHILANTHROPOS.

(To be continued.)

## SONGS OF THE NEGROES IN MADAGASCAR.

(Continued from page 350.)

### V.

*Ampanani.* **L**OVELY captive, what is thy name?  
*Vainah.* I am called Vainah.

*Ampanani.* Vainah, thou art beautiful as the first beam of the morning. But why hangs the tear on thy long eyelashes?

*Vainah.* King, I had a lover.

*Ampanani.* Where is he?

*Vainah.* Perhaps he perished in thy battle; perhaps he found safety in flight.

*Ampanani.* Be he fallen or fled, I will be thy lover.

*Vainah.* O, king, take pity of the tears that wet thy feet.

*Ampanani.* What wilt thou?

*Vainah.* The unhappy one has kissed my eye-lids; he has kissed my lips; he has slept upon my bosom; he dwells in my heart; nothing can tear him from it.

*Ampanani.* Take up the veil, and cover thy young charms.

*Vainah.* Allow me to seek him among the slain, or among the fugitives.

*Ampanani.* Go, lovely Vainah. Perish the wretch that would snatch a kiss mingled with tears.

## VI.

**Z**ANHAR and Niang made the world. Zanhari, we pray not to thee: wherefore pray to a good God? It is Niang whom we have to appease. O, Niang! thou spirit of might, roll not thy thunders over our heads: bid not the sea to overstep its limits; spare the green fruits; wither not the rice in its flower; open not the womb of our women on the unlucky days, in order to force the mother to drown her offspring, the hope of her old age. O, Niang, undo not all the benefits of Zanhari. Thou reignest over the wicked, are they not enow? Torment no longer the good.

## VII.

**I**T is sweet to lie down, during the heat, beneath a leafy tree, awaiting the coolness of the evening gale.

Draw nigh, ye women. While I lie beneath the leafy tree, let me hear the slow words of song. Let me hear the song of the maiden, when she braids the mat of rushes, or when sitting by the rice, she drives away the hungry birds.

My soul is bathed in song. Your dance is sweet to me as a kiss. Soft be the sound of your voices: slow your gestures and your steps: let them image the melting of pleasure.

The gales of evening awake. The moon begins to gleam through the branches on the mountain-top. Go and prepare the repast.

## VIII.

**O** DO not drag me to the shore; do not sell me to the white-men. Let me not leave for ever the dear land of my home. My mother, did I not suck at thy bosom? Am I not the first fruit of thy love? What have I done, that I should deserve to be a slave? I have comforted thy age.



For thee I have stubbed the soil; for thee I have gathered the fruit; for thee I have dared to gripe at the river-fish. I have covered thee from the chill dews of night. I have carried thee at noon to musky shades. I have driven the stinging flies from the couch of thy sleep. O, my mother, what wilt thou do without me? Will the price of my hard doom buy thee another daughter? Thou wilt perish for want, unwatched in the sickness of age: and I shall grieve that I am not by to help thee. Mother, mother, sell not thy only child.

## IX.

**W**HERE art thou, lovely Yaoona? The king is awaked. He has stretched out his hand to caress thy beauties. He finds thee not. Where art thou, guilty Yaoona?

In the arms of a new lover, thou art lapt in delight. Cling, cling, to thy joys while thou mayest; for these are the last of thy life. Terrible is the wrath of the king.

Guards, bring hither Yaoona, and the youth who is feasting on her embraces. They are come naked, and in bonds. Fear has not wholly quenched the pleasure that swam in their looks.

Traitor! take up that zagay and sell thy mistress to the earth. The youth shudders; he draws back, he covers his eyes with his hand.

The tender Yaoona beheld him with looks sweeter than the honey of spring, wherein love shone through her tears.

The furious king snatches up the heavy zagay, and hurls it with might. Yaoona is struck—she totters—her lovely eyes close—the last sigh opens her stiffening lips.

The lover shrieks with horror. It was his cry of death. Another zagay has pierced his side. He falls upon the corse of Yaoona.

Sleep together henceforth, ye unfortunate: sleep in peace in the silence of the tomb.

## X.

**T**ERRIBLE Niang, why dost thou open my womb on an unlucky day?

How sweet is the mother's smile when she leans over her new-born child. How cruel the hour when she must cast him into the flood, and take away the life of her first-born. Innocent creature—the day which thou seest is unhappy; it entails woe upon thy future life. If I spare thee, ugliness

shall wither thy cheek; burning fevers shall scorch thy veins; thou shalt grow up in suffering. The juice of the orange shall not be refreshing to thy lip; the hammattan shall blast the rice of thy planting; the fish shall shun thy nets; the kiss of thy mistress shall be cold and uncheering; impotence shall pursue thee to her arms. Die, my son, die once for all, to escape a thousand deaths. Niang—cruel necessity! Niang—terrible Niang!

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### ON BENEVOLENCE.

**T**HAT compassion is ever the companion of true bravery, is an observation so trite, that I am sensible I ought to apologize for repeating it. But, perhaps, this quality above all others is that which characterizes the man of real courage. Cowards have upon some extraordinary occasions fought, yea more, cowards have sometimes conquered, but cowards have never been compassionate, their bosoms are not capable of entertaining so noble a guest, their minds are too narrow and selfish to expand with the dignified emotions of a generous compassion. It is a plant of too delicate a texture to flourish in so unfriendly a soil. Let none blush at the feelings of compassion, or think it a disgrace to indulge all the tender emotions of the soul. Weep ye who would merit the character of heroism, at the tale of distress, those drops are the genuine signatures of a heart glowing with every generous, manly, and honourable sentiment.

It has been observed, and perhaps with great justice, “that the principles of benevolence were implanted in our bosoms as a counter-balance to those of self-love,” and admirably have they answered this purpose. Let the man who is animated by their friendly impulse behold an object in distress, his sympathetic feelings are immediately interested, no thought of who is the object that claims his compassion, no ungenerous surmises can stay the current of his benevolence, the distinctions of party, the jealousies of rivalry, and all the train of reasons which the unfeeling spirit of apathy has invented to justify the neglect of compassion, are by him spurned with the contempt they merit, it is sufficient for him, that a fellow mortal, a man like

himself, is in circumstances of difficulty and distress; his heart acknowledges the claim; with a transport known only to himself, he flies to alleviate the burden of misery, and by the exertions of compassion, lighten the pressure of sorrow. Happy being! could envy torment the placid bosom of an inhabitant of heaven, an inhabitant of heaven might envy thy felicity! If to resemble the great fountain of benevolence, the parent, the author and sustainer of all things, is to be happy, in nothing can we so closely imitate him as in the exercise of compassion. To do something towards removing the general burden of calamity is almost in every one's power. Give a loose then, ye children of humanity, to all the sublimer emotions of the soul, revel in the most exquisite of all delights, pour in the oil and the wine of compassion, into those wounds which malevolence, calumny, and misfortune have inflicted upon the hearts of your fellow men. Away with every degrading sentiment; let not the limits of a party set bounds to the exertions of your philanthropy, let not even a country confine your good wishes, or restrain, if it should be in your power to do any service, the exercise of your benevolence, learn to consider yourselves as citizens of the world, and every child of merit will share your applause, every son of affliction will obtain your sympathy, your heart will glow with the most exalted delight, and while your compassion soothes the anguish of distress, and dries up the tear of misery and sorrow, be assured your humanity shall not lose its reward. When the eye sees you, it will bless you, when the ear hears you, it will bear witness to you, the blessing of him who was ready to perish will descend on you, and the benediction of the widow shall interest the benevolence of heaven in your favour. The man of compassion has an advocate in every bosom, should distress and affliction befall him, every hand is extended to relieve, and every amiable sentiment which warms the human heart becomes an irresistible argument in his favour; his cause is that of every son of mortality, to support him is to follow the injunctions of virtue, to gratify our noblest capacities of delight, and to secure the approbation of heaven.



## LITERARY CURIOSITIES—No. III.

*Being a Continuation of the*

RHAPSODIES OF ST. EDMUND THE APOSTATE.

FROM HIS LUCUBRATIONS ON A REGICIDE PEACE.

*Limits of the French Empire.*

THEY made not laws, not Conventions, not late possessions, but physical nature, and political convenience, the sole foundation of their claims. The Rhine, the Mediterranean, and the ocean were the bounds which, for the time, they assigned to the Empire of Regicide.

*Monarchy a begging*—To this conciliatory and amicable public communication, our sole answer, in effect, is this—“Citizen Regicides! whenever you find yourselves in the humour, you may have a peace with us. That is a point you may always command. We are constantly in attendance, and nothing you can do shall hinder us from the renewal of our supplications. You may turn us out at the door; but we will jump in at the window.”

To those, who do not love to contemplate the fall of human greatness, I do not know a more mortifying spectacle, than to see the assembled majesty of the crowned heads of Europe waiting as patient suitors in the anti-chamber of Regicide. They wait, it seems, until the sanguinary tyrant *Carnot*, shall have snorted away the fumes of the indigested blood of his Sovereign. Then, when sunk on the down of usurped pomp, he shall have sufficiently indulged his meditations with what Monarch he shall next glut his ravening maw, he may condescend to signify that it is his pleasure to be awake; and that he is at leisure to receive the proposals of his high and mighty clients for the terms on which he may respite the execution of the sentence he has passed upon them. At the opening of those doors, what a sight it must be to behold the plenipotentiaries of royal impotence, in the precedence which they will intrigue to obtain, and which will be granted to them ac-

according to the seniority of their degradation, sneaking into the Regicide presence, and with the reliques of the smile, which they had dressed up for the levee of their masters, still flickering on their curled lips, presenting the faded remains of their courtly graces, to meet the scornful, ferocious, sardonic grin of a bloody ruffian, who, whilst he is receiving their homage, is measuring them with his eye, and fitting to their size the slider of his Guillotine ! These ambassadors may easily return as good courtiers as they went ; but can they ever return from that degrading residence, loyal and faithful subjects ; or with any true affection to their master, or true attachment to the constitution, religion, or laws of their country ? There is great danger that they who enter smiling into this Trophonian Cave, will come out of it sad and serious conspirators ; and such will continue as long as they live. They will become true conductors of contagion to every country, which has had the misfortune to send them to the **SOURCE OF THAT ELECTRICITY**. At best they will become totally indifferent to good and evil, to one institution or to another. This species of indifference is but too generally distinguishable in those who have been much employed in foreign Courts ; but in the present case the evil must be aggravated without measure ; for they go from their country, not with the pride of the old character, but in a state of the lowest degradation ; and what must happen in their place of residence can have no effect in raising them to the level of true dignity, or of chaste self estimation, either as men, or as representatives of crowned heads.

*On the English People*—If the general disposition of the people be, as I hear it is, for an immediate peace with Regicide, without so much as considering our public and solemn engagements to the party in France whose cause we had espoused, or the engagements expressed in our general alliances, not only without an enquiry into the terms, but with a certain knowledge that none but the worst terms will be offered, it is all over with us. It is strange, but it may be true, that as the danger from Jacobinism is increased in my eyes and in yours, the fear of it is lessened in the eyes of many people who formerly regarded it with horror. It seems, they act under the impression of terrors of another sort, which have frightened them out of their first apprehensions. But let their fears or their hopes, or their

desires, be what they will, they should recollect, that they who would make peace without a previous knowledge of the terms, make a surrender. They are conquered. They do not treat; they receive the law. Is this the disposition of the people of England? Then the people of England are contented to seek in the kindness of a foreign systematick enemy combined with a dangerous faction at home, a security which they cannot find in their own patriotism and their own courage. They are willing to trust to the sympathy of Regicides, the guarantee of the British Monarchy. They are content to rest their religion on the piety of atheists by establishment. They are satisfied to seek in the clemency of practised murderers the security of their lives. They are pleased to confide their property to the safeguard of those who are robbers by inclination, interest, habit, and system. If this be our deliberate mind, truly we deserve to lose, what it is impossible we should long retain, the name of a nation.

In matters of State, a constitutional competence to act, is in many cases the smallest part of the question. Without disputing (God forbid I should dispute) the sole competence of the King and the Parliament, each in it's province, to decide on war and peace, I venture to say, no war can be long carried on against the will of the people. This war, in particular, cannot be carried on unless they are enthusiastically in favour of it. Acquiescence will not do. There must be zeal. Universal zeal in such a cause, and at such a time as this is, cannot be looked for; neither is it necessary. A zeal in the larger part carries the force of the whole. Without this, no Government, certainly not our Government, is capable of a great war. None of the ancient regular Governments have wherewithal to fight abroad with a foreign foe, and at home to overcome repining, reluctance, and chicane. It must be some portentous thing, like Regicide France, that can exhibit such a prodigy. Yet even she, the mother of monsters, more prolific than the country of old called *Ferax monstorum*, shews symptoms of being almost effete already; and she will be so, unless the fallow of a peace comes to recruit her fertility. But whatever may be represented concerning the meanness of the popular spirit, I, for one, do not think so desperately of the British nation. Our minds, as I said, are light, but they are not depraved. We are dreadfully open to delu-



sion and to dejection; but we are capable of being animated and undeceived.

It cannot be concealed. We are a divided people. But in divisions, where a part is to be taken, we are to make a muster of our strength. I have often endeavoured to compute, and to class those who, in any political view, are to be called the people. Without doing something of this sort we must proceed absurdly. We should not be much wiser, if we pretended to very great accuracy in our estimate: But I think, in the calculation I have made, the error cannot be very material. In England and Scotland, I compute that those of adult age, not declining in life, of tolerable leisure for such discussions, and of some means of information, more or less, and who are above mental dependence, (or what virtually is such) may amount to about four hundred thousand. There is such a thing as a natural representative of the people. This body is that representative; and on this body, more than on the legal constituent, the artificial representative depends. This is the British public; and it is a public very numerous. The rest, when feeble, are the objects of protection; when strong, the means of force. They who affect to consider that part of us in any other light, insult while they cajole us; they do not want us for counsellors in deliberation, but to list us as soldiers for battle.

Of these four hundred thousand political citizens, I look upon one fifth, or about eighty thousand, to be pure Jacobins; utterly incapable of amendment; objects of eternal vigilance; and when they break out, of legal constraint. On these, no reason, no argument, no example, no venerable authority, can have the slightest influence. They desire a change; and they will have it if they can. If they cannot have it by English cabal, they will make no sort of scruple of having it by the cabal of France, into which already they are virtually incorporated. It is only their assured and confident expectation of the advantages of French fraternity and the approaching blessings of Regicide intercourse, that skins over their mischievous dispositions with a momentary quiet.

This minority is great and formidable. I do not know whether if I aimed at the total overthrow of a kingdom, I should wish to be encumbered with a larger body of partizans. They are more easily disciplined and directed than if the number were greater. These, by their spirit of in-

trigue, and by their restless agitating activity, are of a force far superior to their number; and if times grew the least critical, have the means of debauching or intimidating many of those who are now sound, as well as of adding to their force large bodies of the more passive part of the nation. This minority is numerous enough to make a mighty cry for peace, or for war, or for any object they are led vehemently to desire. By passing from place to place with a velocity incredible, and diversifying their character and description, they are capable of mimicking the general voice. We must not always judge of the generality of the opinion by the noise of the acclamation.

I have a good opinion of the general abilities of the Jacobins: not that I suppose them better born than others; but strong passions awaken the faculties. They suffer not a particle of the man to be lost. The spirit of enterprise gives to this description the full use of all their native energies. If I have reason to conceive that my enemy, who, as such, must have an interest in my destruction, is also a person of discernment and sagacity, then I must be quite sure, that in a contest, the object he violently pursues, is the very thing by which my ruin is likely to be the most perfectly accomplished. Why do the Jacobins cry for peace? Because they know, that this point gained, the rest will follow of course. On our part, why are all the rules of prudence, as sure as the laws of material nature, to be at this time reversed? How comes it, that now for the first time, men think it right to be governed by the counsels of their enemies? Ought they not rather to tremble, when they are persuaded to travel on the same road; and to tend to the same place of rest?

The minority I speak of, is not susceptible of an impression from the topics of argument, to be used to the larger part of the community. I therefore do not address to them any part of what I have to say. The more forcibly I drive my arguments against their system, so as to make an impression where I wish to make it, the more strongly I rivet them in their sentiments. As for us, who compose the far larger, and what I call the far better part of the people: let me say, that we have not been quite fairly dealt with when called to this deliberation. The Jacobin minority have been abundantly supplied with stores and provisions of all kinds towards their warfare. No sort of augmenta-

tive materials, suited to their purposes, have been withheld. False they are, unsound, sophistical; but they are regular in their direction. They all bear one way; and they all go to the support of the substantial merits of their cause. The others have not had the question so much as fairly stated to them.

There has not been in this century, any foreign peace or war, in it's origin, the fruit of popular desire; except the war that was made with Spain in 1739. Sir Robert Walpole was forced into the war by the people, who were inflamed to this measure by the most leading politicians, by the first orators, and the greatest poets of the time. For that war, Pope sung his dying notes. For that war, Johnson, in more energetic strains, employed the voice of his early genius. For that war, Glover distinguished himself in the way in which his muse was the most natural and happy. The crowd readily followed the politicians in the cry for a war, which threatened little bloodshed, and which promised victories that were attended with something more solid than glory. A war with Spain was a war of plunder. In the present conflict with Regicide, Mr. Pitt has not hitherto had, nor will perhaps for a few days have, many prizes to hold out in the lottery of war, to tempt the lower part of our character. He can only maintain it by an appeal to the higher; and to those, in whom that higher part is the most predominant, he must look the most for his support. Whilst he holds out no inducements to the wise, nor bribes to the avaricious, he may be forced by a vulgar cry into a peace ten times more ruinous than the most disastrous war. The weaker he is in the fund of motives which apply to our avarice, to our laziness, and to our lassitude, if he means to carry the war to any end at all, the stronger he ought to be in his addresses to our magnanimity and to our reason.



## FEMALE AMUSEMENT.

*(Though it is sport to you, it is death to us !!!)*

To Mr. J. S. WRITER of the MATRIMONIAL NOTICE.

(PAGE, 284.)

SIR,

I HOPE you will not be quite cast down, by the letter to you, in the last number of this work, from that very naughty and hard hearted creature, Monimia, who tries to scare you out of the notion of getting a wife by advertisement; but, with your leave, I will disappoint that wicked creature, by becoming your wife; as I hate the trouble of introduction, courtship, &c. as much as you, or any other person possibly can; I am willing to put myself under your *protection* in the capacity before mentioned, relying on your honour, to treat me with due respect; and as property is generally considered as a great point in matrimonial contracts; I shall proceed to tell you the amount of my fortune——. The sum expended on my education, reckoning the simple and compound interest, for 87 years, the length of time, since I finished it, amounts to 55,893 pounds, 16 shillings, and 10 pence, three farthings: as I am very well *accomplished* in every thing that can be learned, I shall expect, at least, 25,000 pounds for my trouble of learning so much: my *beauty* was formerly very great, but as it is now something impaired by years, I will put up with only 12,500 pounds for it. If you think we could agree well together, by applying at No. 95 Matrimonial Lane, and bringing with you, 43,393 pounds, 16 shillings, and 10 pence, three farthings, in cash, to make our fortunes equal, you may obtain a wife, who will serve, and obey you, to the utmost of her power.

KORÆPOLUETÆS.

For the AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

### ANECDOTE.

**R.** THOMPSON, author of the well known volume of patriotic songs, entitled "a Tribute to Liberty;" and who is now I believe, an officer in the French army; being in the year 1792, at a coffee house near the Temple in London, where a lawyer was endeavouring to engage the attention of the company, by high eulogiums on Burke's *Strictures* on the late revolution in France, and by severe declamations against Paine's *Rights of Man*: Mr. T. took the liberty to enquire of him, if he had read the latter; the lawyer answered in the negative, but looked upon himself warranted to advance what he had, from the account given of it by his friends. Mr. T. told him by his leave, he would read a passage in the *Rights of Man*; the lawyer consenting, Mr. T. pulled the book out of his pocket, and read a lengthy paragraph; when he had finished, the lawyer (who had frequently interrupted him) exclaimed, "you see I had not formed a wrong opinion of Paine's *Rights of Man*;" certainly not, replied Mr. T. for what I have read is a quotation from Burke on the French Revolution.

P. J.

### OBSERVATIONS

*On a resolution of the Legislature of NORTH CAROLINA.*

(See page 355.)

**T**HE beings who passed this resolution, it appears are the Legislators of a free republic: but were we to judge from their proceedings, we might rather suppose them to be an assembly of crowned tyrants. Common sense cannot well determine whether the preponderating

majority, are most entitled to the appellation of *Villians* or *Fools*—These are harsh epithets to be sure, when applied to the rich and the great—but are they not founded on truth? Is it not extreme folly to think of rendering the scourge less abhorred, by redoubling the severity of its blows; or that slavery will become less insupportable by increasing its detested evils! Is it reasonable to suppose, that, tortures, imprisonment or banishment, can murder the young desire of liberty, or extinguish the dawning of reason? (for reason where she is heard, powerfully bids the black man break his fetters.)—Who, but monsters of wickedness, would rob thousands of unoffending men of Liberty, the source of every enjoyment which renders life a blessing; and plunge them into perpetual slavery, embittered with a gloomy succession of extreme miseries. What softer name is due to those, whose unnatural hands, tear away the tender strings of amity and love? and violate “relations dear, and all the charities of father, husband, brother.”

How frequently do we read a reward offered for securing a runaway slave, who having a husband, a wife, or a parent, at such, or such a plantation, may probably be found lurking near it! Here the tyrants loudly proclaim their infamy, and ascribe to their wretched unfortunates, the tenderest feelings of nature, the most noble feelings that the human heart is susceptible of: parental or conjugal affection.—Amiable passions! which the flinty rock washed daily by the ocean’s briny surge, possesses in an equal degree with those haughty lords of man; who while their unhallowed lips, are prophaning the sacred name of *Liberty*, are crushing their equals in the dust.

But I hear some cold hearted stoic call for moderation, and request me not to be violent, nor indulge a party spirit.—Who is it, that is really chargeable with violence?—The advocate of humanity?—the philanthropist, whose expanded heart wishes all the blessings of nature and the exuberant goodness of Heaven, to be equally enjoyed by all the family of man? Who would divest the sanguinary tyrant of his reeking whip, and pour oil and wine into the wounds of bleeding innocence?—Or, is it the gloomy and ferocious fiend, who wields the scourge, and wantonly tramples on the tenderest feelings and the dearest rights of nature?—Where now is moderation? where can the fiend find a place in a contest like this? in such a cause, mode-



ration would be hypocrisy, a gross insult to the eternal principles of justice—What middle path shall we pursue between virtue and vice, between right and wrong; between robbery and equity; were tyrants called upon to make tyrants of their slaves, there would be a propriety in urging moderation—But tyrants are commanded to “undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free”—only to *refrain from* robbery and murder; and can means too energetic and effectual be used to prevent the commission of these crimes?—

But there are advocates for what is called gradual emancipation, i. e. instead of the Africans being slaves for life; only to be deprived of twenty, thirty or forty years of their liberty; should their tyrants leave them life or strength remaining at the expiration of their bondage;—this is what is meant by moderation!—Let us for a moment suppose ourselves slaves in the *republic* of Algiers; and then endeavour to conceive of the gratitude we should feel for a display of similar moderation!!

But I would ask those hypocrites, those masked murderers, what preparations are making for this gradual abolition. Do they instruct their slaves in the principles of religion and morality, and form their minds for Independence and social virtue, and thereby render them suitable for a free society? is not the reverse their conduct? *Ignorance is established by law, and knowledge religiously prohibited and punished!*—The usurpers regard letters and the pen as the torch and sword of insurrection—they fear, that a consciousness of being human, would inspire the oppressed with strength to burst and disdain their fetters, and inflict summary vengeance on their tyrants. They endeavour by depraving their morals and degrading their nature, to render them unfit for liberty; and to extinguish even the desire for that first of blessings.

Let the friends of humanity not despair. The penetrating beams of truth are creating a revolution in the mind of man, and it is among the number of *possible* events, that *some* of these oppressors may be softened into humanity.—But this we may safely regard as *certain*, that the oppressed will be enlightened, and be fully sensible of their real dignity and importance; and act consistent with such impressions.

PHILO-LIBERTAS.

## L A F A Y E T T E.

## A FRAGMENT.

FROM CAREY AND MARKLAND'S DAILY ADVERTISER.

(Though we doubt not but the elegant production before us, will appear in the Journals in every part of the Union, we believe all our readers will think with us, that its uncommon and interesting merits entitle it to a place in our miscellany.)

**B**y a feeble glimmering of light, which entered at a small window, guarded by massy iron bars, that bid defiance to all attempts at escape, I had a dim view of this illustrious sufferer.

He sat on a coarse mishapen bench—and was buried in contemplation—

His hands were clasped together—and he now and again cast his eyes upwards to heaven, with the most calm resignation to his fate—

Ponderous chains loaded his legs.—Their weight operated as a bar to the little exercise which a room seven feet by five might have afforded.

The apartment reminded me of those caverns into which the ancient tyrants plunged their hapless victims. The window I have mentioned, was the only aperture for the admission of light or air. How small a portion of either was he doomed to enjoy!

The furniture of his room consisted of a wretched bed, extended on the cold ground—a sorry chair—the bench on which he sat—a plate, a spoon, and a knife and fork—

His dress was coarse and scant. Those limbs which a fond mother once decked with the costliest silks that wealth could purchase, were now barely covered with the homeliest garb.

The door creaked on its rust-eaten hinges. A lady entered. Her face was of the most interesting kind. It might once have been a model for the painter or sculptor to have fashioned a Medicean Venus. This was unerringly per-

ceptible, although much of its fire and animation had sunk beneath the corrosion of care and distress, of whose bitter cup she had been long drinking. The anguish of her rending heart was visible, notwithstanding her utmost and unceasing efforts to conceal it from her husband.

This lady, the reader need not be told, was madame la Fayette. Inflamed with the purest and most ardent love, she had cheerfully abandoned all the pleasures, all the joys of the social circles of her native land, in which she was admirably calculated to shine with the most distinguished eclat, and had plunged herself in those frightful recesses, to soothe the beloved partner of her bed.

She was accompanied by her two daughters.

Lovely as the houris, whom the sensual Mussulman pictures to his inflamed imagination as the solace of his time in the ætherial regions, it was impossible to behold them without the tenderest emotions, even in that abyfs of misery, in which their filial tenderness had placed them.

They were at that period of life in which the female sex most highly excites the tenderness of feeling minds. The eldest was eighteen—the other wanted two years of that age.

The one was tall and slender—her auburn hair, in flowing ringlets, hung down her elegant waist—piercing eyes, a large forehead, alabaster teeth, and cheeks that combined, in nature's best manner, the vermilion of the rose, with the milk-white purity of the lily, gave to the *tout ensemble* of her countenance an expression that can hardly be conceived, unless seen.

The other was more set. Her hair was dark—her face more round and full than her sister's. If the former excited the idea of Venus, this recalled that of a Pallas.

Their appearance lighted up a smile on the countenance of the prisoner. He kissed the three with all the fondness, all the tenderness of husband and father.

His gladness was momentary. He cast an eye on the wife of his bosom—on his children, dearer to him than existence. His heart throbbed at the forlorn situation he was likely to leave them in—the big tear filled his eye, and, trickling down his manly cheek, seemed, to my partial and admiring view, to add new dignity to the object of my contemplation.

He wiped away the pearly drop—again he kissed his three visitors—and assumed the tranquility of a Seneca.



O Francis! Francis! surrounded by all the pomp of the imperial court, when her sun was at its meridian blaze of brightness, and soothed by the insinuations of your sycophantic flatterers, could any hour of your existence be compared with the self-approving moments of your victim at this period?

I was lost in admiration of the hero—the philosopher—almost did I envy him the chains from which he drew such honour.

My reverie was not calculated to last long. I was drawn from it abruptly, by casting a glance at the bars of the window and at the ignominious fetters—

“Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! thou art  
“a bitter draught.”

Busy imagination interposed at this moment, and transported me to the interview I had had with him previous to his departure from this continent.

What a deplorable contrast! How irretrievably disgraceful to the agents of it!

At the former period of his life, loaded with the esteem, the reverence, the gratitude of a nation which he had so essentially served, he was on the point of revisiting his native land, to receive the unbought homage of his admiring countrymen, and to aid in the erection of another fane to liberty.

I retrospected still farther—I saw him when the fortunes of America were at a low ebb—in “the times that tried men’s souls”—embarking his fortunes in our tempest-tost bark, nearly “burnt to the water’s edge”—I saw him welcomed to these shores, as the harbinger of other still more important succours from his gallant nation—I saw him paying his troops out of his private fortunes—I saw him, with a handful of half-clothed, barefooted soldiers, eluding the vigilance and baffling the schemes of the enterprising Cornwallis.—After tracing him through all his hair-breadth ‘scapes in the course of the contest, I beheld him at its close crowned with laurels at Yorktown, assisting in the capture of that haughty general, who had vauntingly promised that “*the boy should not escape him.*”

From these scenes, whose vivid colourings bid defiance to devouring time, I turned my attention to the lugubrious scenes before me:—sad reverse!

Victim of the most insatiable and satanic malice, he is more keenly persecuted and oppressed than in most countries the vilest out-casts of society.

If any man doubts this assertion, and deems it rather the effusion of zeal than the dictate of veracity, let him visit the jail of Philadelphia—let him examine the state of the convicts there, even those of the darkest shades of character—and he will not find one with whom, so far as comfort or convenience is concerned, *la Fayette* might not wish a change. Even a parricide, that worst of villains, would not, from the time of conviction to that of execution, experience half the vindictive malice exercised against *la Fayette*.

But he possesses a mind that can brave the storms of despotic vengeance—and, were he alone concerned, he would laugh to scorn their impotent efforts to punish him for his transcendent merit.

But his implacable enemies know where he is vulnerable—thither they direct their barbed darts—which, with unerring aim, pierce him to the inmost soul—

He has a wife—yes, reader, he has a wife—loving and beloved—a wife the partner of his joys, when the sun rose to him free from “clouds and darkness”—and the solace of his sorrows, now that the horizon is enveloped in pitchy darkness—

The dagger which his own bosom would provoke, carries, when pointed at hers, tortures inexpressible to his feeling mind. On her, therefore, they wreak their unmanly vengeance—and thus they offer up two victims at once to satiate their rage.

At one period of her residence within the dreary walls of her husband's prison, she was seized with a violent illness, the consequence of the unwholesome food she ate, of the want of air, and of her extreme anxiety. Death seemed hovering over her bed, ready to transport her from the scene of distress around her—she implored the assistance of a clergyman to perform the last ceremonies of her religion—but even this favour was, *Nero* like, refused her.

What language can paint the situation of *la Fayette*, when, stretched on the cold, damp ground beside her, he watched her last breath, and his soul seemed ready to take flight with hers! Who that has not been in somewhat of a similar situation, can even conceive the heart-rending pangs

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he endured, till a favourable crisis arrived, and her convalescence restored him once more to himself—

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Besides his wife, they have still further power over their hapless victim.—My heart bleeds at the thought—my pen almost refuses its office—but it must be told—though the heart-strings burst at the narration.

His daughters—there, there the keenest anguish rends his heart—When he casts an anxious eye forward to explore their future fate, as every parent involuntarily does—When he reflects on what they might have been, under his fatherly protection, the ornaments and delight of society—when from this he turns to what they actually are, tenants of a jail—exposed to the “insolence of office” of hard unfeeling jailors—devoid of those kind attentions and comforts which the lowest of his servants once enjoyed, his heart sinks at the view—But when from the present he takes a perspective of futurity—and his boding mind figures them to him exposed, unprotected, a prey to brutal violence—or sinking under the wiles, the artifices, the deceptions of a world with whose snares they must be unacquainted—he sits petrified with the magnitude of his woes—

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Sometimes, however, hope, all cheering hope, enlivens the scene.—He looks forward to happier hours—when

“Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit.”

He casts his longing eyes towards America, that country to which the best, the choicest days of his existence were so zealously and so usefully devoted—She cannot, he thinks, be unmindful of his mighty, his flagrant wrongs—he trusts she will not cease to reiterate her applications for his relief, till they are crowned with success. He even hopes his countrymen, overlooking his errors, if errors they can really be termed—and doing justice to the unvarying rectitude of his intentions, will interpose their awe inspiring voice, to drag him from those regions of despair, and restore him to that grade of honour and dignity, to which his super-eminent services in defence of the rights of man, entitle him.

In constant alternation of these fond hopes, and the most irksome apprehensions, he passes his sunless days, his tedious nights.

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## P R O C L A M A T I O N

Of General Hoche to the French army destined to produce a Revolution in Ireland.

## REPUBLICANS,

**P**ROUD of having led you to conquest on various occasions, I have obtained from the government the permission to conduct you to new successes. To command you, is to be sure of victory.

Jealous of giving liberty to a people worthy of it, and ripe for a revolution, the directory send us to Ireland, in order to facilitate the revolution, which excellent republicans have just undertaken there. It will be a proud thing for us, who have conquered the satellites of kings, armed against the republic, to break the fetters of a friendly nation, and to assist them in recovering the rights usurped by the odious English government.

You will never forget, brave and faithful companions, that the people to whom we are going, are the friends of your country, and that we ought to treat them as such, and not as a conquered country.

On arriving in Ireland, you will find hospitality and fraternity; soon will thousands of her inhabitants swell our phalanxes. Let us take care never to treat any of them as enemies. They, as well as ourselves, have to revenge themselves upon the perfidious English; the latter are the only persons upon whom we have to inflict a signal vengeance. Believe that Irishmen do not sigh less than you after the moment in which we shall go in concert to London, to recal to the recollection of Pitt and his minions, what they have done against our liberty.

From friendship, from duty, and from honour for the French name, you will respect the persons and property of the country where we are going.

If, by constant efforts, I provide for your wants, believe that, jealous of preserving the reputation of the army which I have the honour to command, I shall punish severely whoever shall depart from what he owes to his country. Laurels and glory shall be the lot of the republican soldier; death shall be the price of violation and pillage. You know me enough to believe, that for the first time, I will not forfeit my word; I have given you warning, and recollect it.

(Signed)

GENERAL L. HOCHÉ.

## NATURAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY

## FAMILIARISED.

## No. V.

## CIRCULATION OF THE SAP IN TREES.

THE trees, which for several months appeared quite dead, begin insensibly to revive. Some weeks hence we shall discover in them still more signs of life. In a short time the buds will grow large, will open, and produce their precious blossoms. We have it always in our power to observe this revolution regularly in the beginning of each spring; but perhaps have been hitherto ignorant by what means it operates. The effects we observe in spring, in trees, and other vegetables, are produced by the sap, which is put in motion in the stalks of the trees, by the air and increase of heat. As the life of animals depends on the circulation of their blood, so also the life and growth of plants and trees depend on the circulation of sap. For this purpose, God has formed and disposed all parts of vegetables, so as to concur towards the preparation, preservation, and circulation of this nourishing juice. It is chiefly by means of the bark, that the sap in spring rises from the roots into the bodies of trees; and even conveys throughout the year, all the nourishment to the branches and fruit. The wood of the tree is composed of small long fibres, which extend in a direct line the whole length of the tree to the top; and which are very closely joined together. Among those fibres there are some so small and fine, that one of them, though scarce as thick as a hair, contains more than eight thousand little fibres. There are a multitude of little veins to contain the nourishing juice, and to make the circulation easy. These veins extend to the other branches, and rise up the whole length of the tree to the top; some conduct the sap from the root to the top of the tree, and others bring it down from the top to the bottom. The sap rises up the ascending veins in the heat of the day, and comes down the others again in the cool of the evening. The leaves serve for the same purpose; and their chief use is to make the sap circulate; not only that which proceeds from

the root, but also what the tree receives outwardly by means of dew, the moisture of the air, and rain. This nourishing juice is spread through every part of the tree. But it could not rise through the stalks, if there were not openings in them at the top. It is through these pores that the watery parts of the sap evaporate, while the oily, sulphureous, and earthly parts mix together to nourish the tree, to transform into a substance, and give it a new growth. If the juice does not reach it, if the circulation is stopped, if the interior organization of the tree is destroyed, whether by too severe cold or frost, by age, or by any wound or outward accident, the tree dies.

After these reflections, can we see with the same indifference as formerly, the trees at this season? Will the change there is going to be in them appear so little worth our notice? And, can we observe the renewal of all nature, without thinking of God, who gives life to every creature; who provides the juices analogous to trees; who communicates to that sap the power of circulating through the veins, and from thence of giving to trees life, nourishment, and growth: Alas, that it should be possible to see all these things every year, without giving proper attention to them: It is what I am too strong a proof of. At the return of many springs, I have had the opportunity to observe this quickening virtue which appears in plants and trees; but I have thought no more about it than the animals which graze in the fields; and, what is still more wonderful, I have been equally inattentive to the preservation of my own life, the growth of my body, and the circulation of my blood. Grant that I may now, at least, as I have the happiness to see the spring again, think in a more reasonable way, and more as a Christian. May I at last acknowledge, through all the works of nature, that Beneficent Creator, whose greatness all the world proclaims. But all my wishes will be fruitless, if thou thyself, O Lord, who art the God of all mercy, dost not incline my heart to acknowledge and glorify thy great and holy name. Now, that all nature revives, grant that my soul may be quickened by thy spirit. May this new existence, which the vegetables receive at this lovely season, be the signal to awaken me from my slumber, and lead me to virtue.



## TRANSCRIPT

Of the Letter delivered to the FRENCH DIRECTORY, by  
MR. MONROE, previous to his departure.

"CITIZEN DIRECTORS,

"I have the honour to present you with my letter of recall from the President of the United States of America, and which closes my political functions with the French Republic: And I have the honour to add, that I am instructed by the President to avail myself of this occasion, to renew to you on his part, an assurance of the solicitude which the United States feel for the happiness of the French Republic.

"In performing this act, many other considerations crowd themselves upon my mind. I was witness to a revolution in my own country. I was deeply penetrated with its principles, which are the same with those of your revolution. I saw too its difficulties, and remembering these, and the important services rendered us by France on that occasion, I have partaken with you in all the perilous and trying situations in which you have been placed.

"It was my fortune to arrive among you in a moment of complicated danger, from within and from without; and it is with the most heart-felt satisfaction, that in taking my leave, I behold victory and the dawn of prosperity upon the point of realizing, under the auspices of a wise and excellent constitution, all the great objects for which, in council and in the field, you have so long and so nobly contended.—The information which I shall carry to America, of this state of your affairs, will be received by my countrymen with the same joy and solicitude for its continuance, that I now feel and declare for myself.

"There is no object which I have always had more uniformly and sincerely at heart, than the continuance of a close union, and perfect harmony between our two nations. I accepted my mission with a view to use my utmost efforts to increase and promote this object: and now I derive consolation in a review of my conduct, from the knowledge that I have never deviated from it. Permit me therefore in withdrawing, to express an earnest wish, that this harmony may be perpetual.

"I beg leave to make to you, Citizen Directors, my particular acknowledgments for the confidence and attention with which you have honoured my mission during its continuance; and at the same time to assure you that as I shall always take a deep and sincere interest in whatever concerns the prosperity and welfare of the French Republic, so I shall never cease in my retirement, to pay you in return for the friendship you have shewn me, the only acceptable recompence to generous minds, the tribute of a grateful remembrance."

---

#### ANSWER OF THE PRESIDENT, (BARRAS.)

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"In this day presenting your letters of \_\_\_\_\_, you give to Europe a very strange spectacle.

France, rich in her liberty, encompassed by her train of victories, strong in the esteem of her allies, will not abase herself by calculating the consequences of the condescension of the American government to the suggestions of its ancient tyrants. The French republic hopes, that at least the successors of Columbus and of Penn, always jealous of their liberty, will never forget what they owe to France. They will weigh, in their wisdom, the magnanimous good will of the French people, with the crafty caresses of certain perfidious persons, who meditate to bring them back to their former slavery. Assure, sir, the good American people, that, like them, we adore liberty; that they shall always have our esteem; and that they will find, in the French people, that republican generosity which knows how to grant peace, as it knows how to make its sovereignty respected.

As for you, Mr. Minister, you have contended for principles, you have known the true interests of your country; depart with our regret. We give up in you a representative to America, and we keep the remembrance of a citizen whose personal qualities do honour to that title.

EXTRACT FROM THE GENERAL ORDERS ISSUED TO  
THE EXPEDITIONARY ARMY OF IRELAND, DATED  
THE 13th NIVOSE.

BRAVE COMRADES,

**T**HE General Hoche, under whose orders you were accustomed to conquer, was conducting you to new triumphs; you were about to transport Liberty to Ireland, to revenge the many injuries which the French Republic has suffered from the English government, and force that proud and haughty nation to accept of an honourable peace, which all Europe expects.

The winds have betrayed our hopes—the army has been dispersed by the storm—and it has been separated from its chief.

Soldiers, this momentary re-entrance into France, shall not make you languish in the uncertain expectation; the success promised you is only delayed; the government without doubt adheres too much to the execution of the glorious project it had framed for the prosperity of the Republic, and values your services too highly not to present you in a short time with the means of exercising your energy and constancy. No, because an adverse element has for once restrained your arms, you certainly will not be discharged; the path to glory is now known to you; we have proved to the censurers of this maritime expedition, that notwithstanding the rigours of winter, nothing was impossible to Frenchmen. And if your appearance has alone been sufficient to make England tremble, judge what you may expect when with more numerous forces we shall return to the attack.

Your chiefs applaud the firmness with which you have encountered the dangers that surrounded you. The executive directory is informed of it. With the testimony of its satisfaction you will soon receive the orders we all ardently desire—those of returning to combat the most bitter enemy to peace and to our liberty.

The general in chief of the staff,  
CHERIN.



## SOLUTIONS OF MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

## OF No. V.

THE least common multiple of \*4, 5 and 6, is 60, consequently the number required is some multiple of 60; let it be denoted by  $60x$  then  $\frac{60x-5}{7}$  = a whole number, there-

fore  $\frac{60x-5}{7} + 2 = \frac{120x-10}{7} = 17x-1 + \frac{x-3}{7}$  = a whole number, and rejecting  $17x-1$ , the remainder  $\frac{x-3}{7}$  = a

whole number which call  $p$ , then by transposition, &c.  $x=7p+3$  and assuming  $p=0$  we get  $x=3$ , consequently  $60x=180$  the least number, which will answer the conditions of the question, to which number 420 (the least common multiple of 4, 5, 6 and 7,) being continually added, an infinite variety of answers may be produced, out of which variety of possibles, it is impossible to determine, without more data, what number the basket actually contained.

E. L.

Answered likewise by the PROPOSER, by ALEXIS, and by MR. FRANCIS HOSKINS, of the Rolls office, Philadelphia;—180, and by MR. TWICE EIGHT—600.

## OF No. VI.

THE Gains are as 1,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and 2. Whence A's 52, B's 78, and C's 104. £.

As  $5:1\frac{1}{2}::3:\frac{9}{10}$   
 $7:2::3:\frac{6}{7}$  whence the respective stocks are as  $1:\frac{9}{10}$  and  $\frac{6}{7}$ , let the joint stock of 3822£. be divided, and we have £. 1386.4.4 $\frac{1}{4}$  A's share, £. 1247.11.11 B's share, and £. 1188.3.8 $\frac{1}{4}$  C's share.

Baltimore.

M. D.

\* Note, 2, and 3 being aliquot parts of 4, and 6 are superfluous in the question.—

OF No. VIII. By Mr. FRANCIS HOSKINS.

AT the height of 4 Inches, the Diameter of the water in the Glafs, is  $2\frac{2}{3}$  Inches, a ball of 2 Inches Diameter is 4.188 solid Inches, which put into the Glafs raises the water .64 parts, or nearly two thirds of an Inch.

OF No. IX.

IN the Triangle DCE.

DE : EC+DC :: EC-DC : EF-DF made by the perpendicular CF.

$$\frac{DE}{2} + \frac{EF-DF}{2} = EF$$

EF : Radius :: EC : Secant CEF

AED (=60°) + CEF = AEC

then in the Triangle AEC we have two sides AE, EC, and the included angle AEC, from whence AC will be found equal to 51.222.

HORATIO.

*Answered likewise by Mr. Francis Hoskins.*

OF No. X. By THE SAME.

BY the Segment table, we find one third of a circle to be, 3675, the Segment at the opposite, must be the same, 3675. Consequently the middle must be the remainder of an unit.—viz. 26.5—Suppose the circle to be 100 Inches, the outer parts

will be - - - 36.75

the Middle - - - 36.75

- - - 26.5

100

## POETICAL EFFUSIONS.

FROM CAREY AND MARKLAND'S DAILY ADVERTISER.

## PARODY ON CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

MISS FORESIGHT SOLUS.

(WITH A LETTER IN HER HAND.)

**I**T must be so—my friend, thou reason'st well !  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire !  
 This longing for the happy wedding-day !  
 Or whence this secret pining, and the fear  
 Of dying an old maid?—Why turns my ear  
 As if ashamed, when pleas'd, to hear of marriage ?  
 'Tis but timidity that stirs within me ;  
 For heav'n itself declares we ought to marry,  
 And promises much happiness shall follow.  
 Much happiness !—thou pleasing—anxious thought !  
 Through what variety of untrod windings,  
 Through what rough scenes would I not pass to find thee !  
 The field of matrimony lies before me—  
 And settled sun-shine seems to rest upon it.  
 Where will I hold. If I have e'er a lover,  
 (And that I have, my neighbours all can witness  
 Throughout the place) he must delight in wedlock ;  
 And that which he esteems must make me happy.  
 But where? or how !—This town delights in scandal.  
 I'm weary of contriving—thus 'tis ended ;  
 Thus am I twice secure—my keys—a marriage—  
 Two methods of concealment are in view :  
 These will secure me from the gaping croud :  
 Or that will quickly waft us to the country.  
 The wife, secure in her fond husband, smiles  
 At old maids jeers, and laughs at all their envy ;  
 For they will fade away and lose their charms,  
 Grow grey with age, and never get them husbands ;  
 But we shall live to crown each others wishes,  
 Unchang'd amidst the various scenes of life,  
 The smiles of fortune, or her darkest frowns.



## PARODY ON HAMLET.

**T**O wed, or not to wed? that is the question—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The stings illicit love too oft occasions,  
 Or to take arms against a world of cares,  
 And tie th' indissoluble marriage noose?  
 To wed—t'unite—and by such contract close  
 To say we end the thousand risks and hazards  
 That roving's heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To wed—t'unite—  
 T' unite! perchance be horn'd!—Aye, there's the rub;  
 For in that union fir n what ills may come  
 When once we feel the antlers on our brows,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect  
 That oft makes marriage so embitter life:  
 For who would bear the jeers and taunts of men,  
 The cuckold-maker's wrong, the general sneer,  
 The pangs of wounded love,  
 The insolence of an unfaithful wife,  
 And other ills the patient cuckold takes,  
 When he himself possession may procure  
 For *half a dollar*.

---

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA,  
 (Page 359.)

**F**ROM the dark womb of parent earth,  
 Metallic ore is brought,  
 And on the furnace' blazing hearth,  
 The rough hewn mass is wrought.

When purified, the artist comes,  
 Under whose active hand,  
 The metal various forms assumes,  
 Passive to his command.

Among the rest the NEEDLE vies  
 For elegance and use,  
 And urged by the female, tries  
 New lustre to produce.

Obedient to the lov'd impress,  
Of finger feminine,  
It aids the homely form, by dress,  
And adds new grace to thine.

O Nancy, loveliest of thy sex,  
And fairest of the fair ;  
Then let not industry relax,  
Nor fail thy wonted care :

So shall thy lilly hand preserve  
The conquest of thine eye,  
And matrimony e'en deserve,  
Of libertine the sigh.

---

MR. LEE,

SHOULD the following lines be deemed worthy, their  
insertion in your useful Magazine will oblige

Yours, &c.

**M**IND'S adverse qualities from nature spring:—  
Sprang all creation from Almighty will,  
Unvarying led by goodness great and wise !  
Then nought, by nature, is malevolent ;  
But each, as in the natal casket laid,  
Like jewels shine resplendent to the view.  
Man's wand'ring only rusts their polish'd glare,  
Transforming glorious light to loathsome shade,  
And, re-creating what the Gods create,  
An hideous spectacle of vice display !  
Their thoughts from channels drawn, which nature carv'd  
To flow melodious, rush in torrents wild,  
Roaring a mental hurricane around ;  
And the dire wreck is *human wretchedness* !  
—Oh, in the heart a thousand demons lodge,  
Arm'd at all points *self's* ruin to complete !  
The passions wild, in leagued distraction rage  
The ceaseless conflict of a variant soul,  
And set on fire the trembling will ;—the will

In blaze the beauteous fane involves, whose heat  
Intensely fraught, no virtue can elude.

Thus vice in artful tactics ever deals :  
Once bribe the will, that cent'nel to the soul,  
Ope fly the inlets to the ravish'd mind,  
And virtue guardless, captive yields to lust.  
The Will or welcomes virtue to the heart,  
Or greets the dread advance of vice ; the will  
To duty urges, or to base neglect :  
'Tis the great key, which, or to friends or foes,  
The portals opens of the spacious mind !

ALVANDER.

# A N E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MR. R O B E R T B U R N S,  
THE CELEBRATED SCOTS POET,  
Who died May 8th, 1796.

## I.

**A**S late I walk'd beneath the moon's pale rays,  
Accusing fortune of my scanty share,  
How I had spent—mispent, my youthful days,  
To gain the favour of a venal fair ;  
Instant a form, in solemn table clad,  
Approach'd my path with heedless steps, and slow ;  
Pale fading laurels, hung adown her head,  
And her dishevel'd hair did indicate her woe.

## II.

“ Forbear,” she cry'd “ nor think of woes but mine ;  
“ The pride of nature and these plains is dead.  
“ The favourite songster of the tuneful nine,  
“ Is fled forever—Is forever fled.—  
“ COILA's my name—with BURNS I oft' did go,  
“ And did his bold poetic flame inspire ;  
“ Made his enraptur'd fancy smoothly flow,  
“ And taught the bard to catch from heaven the sacred  
fire.

## III.

“ With me he wander'd by the purling rill,  
“ With me he stray'd upon the distant lawn,  
“ And oft we climb'd yon cloud-capp'd distant hill,



" And reach'd its summit, by the early dawn.  
 " O *Melpomene*, muse of tragic woe—  
 " Mourn him who sung of ruin and despair:  
 " E'en smiling *Thalia* fraught with sprightly glow,  
 " Lament his fate, who sung upon the banks of Ayr.

## IV.

" Have we not seen him skim the dewy lawn?  
 " And with advent'rous fingers sweep the lyre?  
 " Have we not seen him at the early dawn,  
 " Enraptur'd high with fancy's sacred fire?  
 " Has not his fame in distant lands been told?  
 " Has not his voice been pleasant to our ear?  
 " Has not the youthful gay, the serious old,  
 " Been highly charm'd, who now must shed the bitter tear?

## V.

" Ye sportive Naiades of the gurgling rills,  
 " Lament his fate in *Irvine*, *Ayr*, and *Doon*,  
 " Pour forth your plaints, till all the distant hills,  
 " Do nod their sorrow to the silent moon:  
 " For me, I'll weep while hills and streams endure;  
 " I'll wand'ring mourn, and tell the groves my grief,  
 " The lawn shall hear me at an early hour,  
 " Nor shall I ever deign to take the least relief.

## VI.

" I go," she cry'd, " nor ever shall return,—  
 " I go forever from this once lov'd field,  
 " My fate is fix'd—disconsolate I'll mourn,  
 " Since *Scotia* now no longer charms can yield."  
 Her grief slung bosom heav'd with bitter sighs,  
 She seem'd prepar'd to take her distant flight;—  
 She turn'd and left me with her tear-swoln eyes,  
 And in a cloud of mist evanish'd from my sight.

W. REID.

Kenington, Feb. 19, 1797.

\* \* In the Poetical department particularly, our readers  
 will not expect perfection; as valuable purposes may be an-  
 swered by inserting juvenile attempts, which, though not  
 contemptible, might be improved by the previous correction  
 of a judicious friend, or the advantages of maturer study  
 and experience.

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